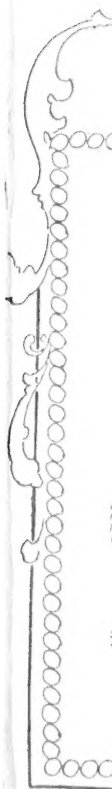


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THE
YARN OF THE SICK
LOVE PARSEE



BY
F. C. EMBERSON.

WM. DRYSDALE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
MONTREAL.

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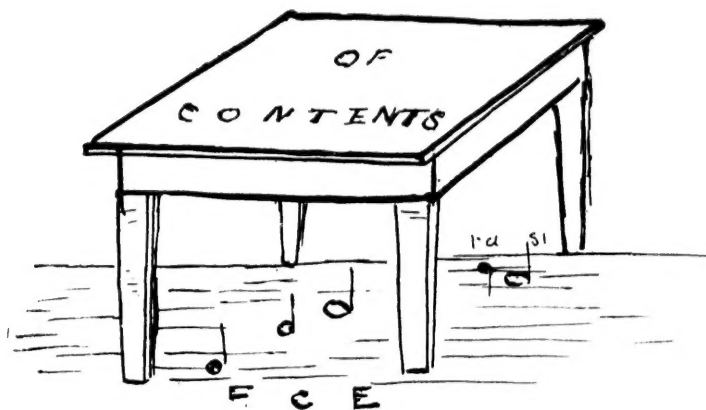
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OLIVE ANGELO,
AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE YARN OF THE LOVE-SICK JAP.



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(To the author.)

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FINIS.



PRISCILLA LAROQUIN and FLORA LARKIN.
My wife's maids.

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The Six Best Novels in the world now are : "Job," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Pickwick," "Besant's All Sorts of Men," and "Emiberson's Yarn of the Love-Sick Jap." The last price, 50 cts. Is for sale by W. DRYSDALE only, and all Booksellers. Buy it.

PLATFORM PROPOSED

FOR THE

**Patrons of Industry, Knights of Labor, Trades
and Labor Council, Associated Order of
United Workmen, Canadian National
League and other Workmen,**

BY THE

Author of "The Yarn of the Little Parsee."

1. To make "honesty" the test, regardless of party, at the next election. In all cases, that is, to vote for the most honest, or least dishonest candidate that offers himself.
2. "Out of debt, out of danger." Our first duty is, of course, to free our country and city from debt. To run into debt is to snatch the bread from our own children's mouths before the very wheat is grown. To pay our debts, we must gradually raise or lower the taxes on luxuries till we have found the rate at which they yield a maximum revenue income. Expenses will fall to the lowest point directly we have a parliament of honest men. Be it remembered that it is public and municipal debts that keep the neck of the workingman under the heel of the usurer. Without such debts interest would drop to 2 or 3 %.
3. No taxes on books, (that is, on light and learning) on agricultural implements or workmen's tools.
4. No excise on tobacco. Places to be licensed for its sale, that we may raise our own tobacco; the most profitable crop there is in the world.
5. No Copyright. Fancy our Saviour copyrighting the Sermon on the Mount. And is He not our Great Example?

6. No Patent Laws. Their chief effect is to help lawyers to fatten on patentees.
7. All street car rails to be of uniform width, and so made that they can be used, throughout the country, by all wheels at the right distance apart
8. A Tenants' Rights Association to secure fair judicial rents. Why should Canada be worse ruled than Ireland?
9. Any one guaranteeing to occupy it, to be able to expropriate any half-acre of land not less than 100 yards from a dwelling-house. The price to be fixed by arbitration. Allowance to be made for annoyance, &c., to original owner. "What clause in Adam's will, left the earth to one man," or to a mere handful of men?
10. Prohibition of the manufacture, sale, importation and habitual consumption of all drinks containing more than 1 % of alcohol.
11. All Schools to be bi-lingual; English to be spoken in the morning, French (or German) in the afternoon.
12. Cases of boodling by any member of the Government or Council to be tried by the Courts and punished by the penitentiary, and in gross cases by life imprisonment. There is no greater crime.
13. The penalty for all forms of gambling, lottery-mongering, betting on races, &c., to be imprisonment without option of fine.

Presidents of the Societies named above are earnestly invited to open these propositions to discussion and vote, and forward the results of the voting to F. C. EMBERSON, M.A, Author of "The Yarn of the Little Parsee," &c., *Witness* Office, Montreal. And all seeing this Platform are urged to put a "yes" or "no" to each proposition on this paper and forward to the same address.



"FLORA"

The heroine of Emberson's next new novel "The Japs Wedding Tour," a sequel to "The Yarn of the Love-sick Jap."

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An Apology.

Socrates wrote an apology for an almost spotless life. Moliere's hero apologized, when dying, of various injuries incurred in trying to render a number of people a multitude of services, apologized "to those whom he had unintentionally offended." And a Mr. Watson once wrote "An Apology for the Bible."

Oh ! good Laud :

An Apology for the Bible !

What won't people apologize for next ?

Perhaps they were practising for what we may well devote the first fortnight or so to, after we find ourselves in heaven. I mean to going around and apologizing to one another, each to each, for needless vexation given in life and for a lot of ridiculous misunderstandings.

In emulation of all this apologizing modesty, LITTLE YORK—the Parsee in question—begs to apologize for the difficulties he had in editing this incomparable work.

It was originally written anyhow, with pencil-ends, rope ends dipped in tar and variously coloured paints, burnt ends of sticks, sticks with burnt ends, red hot irons, etc., etc., on bits of tarpaulin, discarded shirt-tails, salt junk and chunx of Wood, etc., etc., and originally filled 16 full-sized sailors' sea chests.

Almost the whole of it was devoted to utterly irrelevant, and most irreverent remarks about "Miss Priscilla Laroquin or Larkin, my wife's maid," such as :

"O my ! Aint she a good lusty chunc of a heifer ?"

"Aint her i's black ?"

"Trim and taut from stem to stern."

" Ain a rotten timber in her ?"

" Aint she a beauty ?"

" Long, lissom and lively as I loves em," etc., etc., interspersed, quite promiscuous-like, were remarks à la Captain Cuttle, such as :

" Buy your flowers of Wm. Davidson, florist to the Dominion Government."

" The Best Guide to Montreal is Murray's."

" Never ship without Dominica Lime Juice in your chest."

From such extraordinary dust-heaps and collections of rubbish have I picked out the pearls which compose this incomparable volume.

Never has anything like it ever been published or written in the history of the world. And it may sincerely be trusted nothing like it will ever be written again.

If anybody wants to buy 16 old empty sea chests, in perfect preservation, let him or her, he or she, apply to Litl Yokr, Esq., Parsee, or to Mrs. Yokr, Turkish Bath Hotel, Monique Street, Montreal.

N.B.—No Irish need apply.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

"The word Persôna meant a mask. When St. Utterus spoke of three persons in one Soul, he probably meant "One Soul under Three Masks." —*Comen Tater.*

LITL JOKR.....*The Parsee.*
 MR. WM. DRYSDALE.....*Instructor.*
 MR. F. C. EMBERSON.....*Reporter for the "Witness."*
 MR. A. RACEY.....*Electrician.*
 JIM, (Nicknamed 'Perkins,' 'Scotchie,' 'The Golfer,' etc.,
 father's name unknown).....*Armorer.*
 TOM PLAINSAILING (sirename dubious) *Cap. of the Foretop.*
 OLIVE ANGELO. *The Young Woman who was at the*
 bottom of it all.

Chambers, Alarums, Alarms, Excursions, Sailors,
Attendants, Young Men (mostly fools)

 and

N.B.

See next page.



LOTS OF PRETTY FACES.

THE YARN OF THE LITTLE PARSEE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FORC'SL MESS.

"The King himself has followed her,
Where she has gone before."

Goldsmith.

What Golden Days, in God's good Providence, sometimes come in a man's lifetime. On one such Day of Gold, I was taking a jaunt from Montreal to Quebec with the (presumptively) future King of England. He was, then, plain Captain George. He went on ahead in the "Thrush." I, as a guest, followed, of course, in the larger and better-appointed ship, the "Canada." I asked a friendly marine I found in the cockpit where I'd find the most intelligent company to mess with. He advised me to nose my way through the mess deck to the petty officers' mess in the forcs'l.

"You'll find yourself better off, sir," says he, "than with that set o' crowin' shirks, the officers."

And he was right.

A finer body of men I have seldom rubbed up against.

Perhaps I must except a committee of the leading gardeners of Montreal, whom I once found in senatorial conclave in a room in the Fraser Building, into which I had carelessly rushed, being sure it was empty.

Gardeners' work demands brains and gentleness, and those two combined make, in truth, "a human face divine."

I soon slipped thro' the cockpit and the mess deck and found myself at one of the six meals a day which sea air and work, constantly demanding the very last inch of muscle they possess, enable Her Majesty's Jack Tars to enjoy and digest. When we were sufficiently settled down to business to begin to talk:

"You've a hard life of it?" said I.

And the grumbler of the mess, nicknamed Plain Sailing, (his father's name being unknown) grumbled out,

"You may well say hard life of it, sir!!"

"Well, Plainy," said Bill, the Captain of the Fore-top, "Let's 'ope as them as 'as their downs in this life, will 'ave their hups in the next."

"I've had my downs in this life," says Plainy, "and if I don't get my ups in the next, I don't call that plain sailing, that's all."

"Well," said Bill, "if I *have* to be a hanimal in the next life, I 'ope that 'ere hanimal will be a fox 'ound!"

"Ah," says Mr. Drysdale, the Instructor of the "Boys," (said boys being grown men averaging 6 feet 3 inches high, "I see you believe in the transfiguration of spirits.")

And I, to keep the conversation politely in the same semi-religious tone, broke in with

"And what kind of man is your Navy Chaplain?"

And O! the smile of holy joy that lit up those sunburnt faces, at the bare mention of the *name* of that holy man!

"Our Navy Chaplain!" said Plainy, with irrepressible disgust. "Crowin'! Comical! Old rooster! Stuck in by his uncle, the Bishop, 'cos he's fit for nothin' else. Regular fraud! Two prayers a day and seven-pun-ten a week. Navy Chaplain be blowd."

"I don't know, Tom," said he of the Fore-top, "many a man has found a thundering good deal in religion, on a lee shore on a dark night."

"And as for prayers," said Mr. Racey, the Electrician, called "Lights" and "Liver," becoz where there are lights there's always a liver. "The answer to prayer is automatic,

at any rate. Directly a man prays, he is a happier, calmer better and less hungry man."

"Religion," said Tom. "I've nothin' agin religion. It's your religions I objec' to. There's your two Christian religions. I kno' *them*. I've been both on 'em. And there's your Hindoo religion. I kno' *it*. I've been *it*. And the Hindoo religion is a bloomin' sight better than both of 'em put together."

And Racey, the Electrician, said:—"I vote that the Instructor spins his yarn about the Little Parsee."

And the Instructor, like a gentleman as he was, made no excuses or self-advertising refusals, but pushed his plate regretfully back on the table, puts his quid into his left cheek and began

"THE YARN OF THE LITTLE PARSEE."



CHAPTER II.

THE YARN

"The difference see,
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee,"

—*Hudibras* (?).

"It was on the "Billy-Ruffian," in the year '74," said Mr. Drysdale, the Instructor.

"We shipped a Parsee just as we was a-sailin' from Calcutta to Vancouver, with a wind on the quarter beam. We were told to get the first lieutenant's cabin ready for him, all alone to hisself. For it seems he was a bloomin' fine swell, and owned all Hindostan, 'cept Cashmere and Oude, diamonds and all.

"And blessed if he did not have all hands mustered on the quarter deck, walked down the lines with the captain hisself, and chose me as his wally!

"And a bloomin' good time I had. Such a comical little cuss you never saw in all your life. He was a regular little devil. God bless him."

And the Instructor quietly raised his sailor's cap from his head, and having reverently replaced it, went on with his most interesting story.

"First of all, I tell yer, he told the captain he wanted an open fireplace in his cabin. And the captain, tho' we know his orders was to let the bloke sail free, ups and tells him 'It was strictly and teetotally and entirely altogether agin the rules and regoulations of the service.'

"And blowd if he didn't get next day a note in the handwriting of the little copper-colored cuss, and signed by the

Wiceroy hisself, and backed by the Secretary of State, 'That the rules of the service had to give way to the laws of the worship of the One and Visible God.'

"And my master came in one day and caught me poking the fire, and he larfed fit to split, and then he went and insisted on a court martial and complained, solemn as could be, to the captain, who was in the chair, 'That he had caught me poking his god,' and I got orders thro' the captain's wally, never to poke the fire agin, but to let him poke it hisself, and be blowed to him.

"Well, the captain soon got up a big spread for him. And the captain says :

" 'Will you have a little beef? '

And the 'bloomin' little cuss said, as dignified as could be,

" 'No, thank you, we don't eat cow ! '

"And the captain offered him 'am, and he sez,

" 'No, thank you, we don't eat pig.'

"And then he was afraid that the grease in the apple pie might be cow fat or pig fat. And when the captain offered him a glass of wine, he said,

" 'We haven't yet settled whether the prophet in Misrah of the Koran saith, "Thou shalt *not* drink wine," or thou *shalt* drink wine." Till we have finally settled that I prefer water.'

"And then the bloomin little cuss dined off a glass of cold water and licked the bottom of his plate. He did, 'pon my soul, he did. And, if you'll believe me, he didn't believe one item of the whole bloomin' rot the whole time. And I know it, for he took to me like a father, and many a good meal we had in his little cabin, with the door locked, off captain's beefsteak, fresh pork chops, cabin plum duff, and so on. I never had such prog before. and I never expect to again. He took it out as rations for me, to be charged to the ship.

"And the little cuss turns round slowly to me after he had done lickin' his plate, with such a look in his eyes that I couldn't stand it no longer, but I shouted 'Man overboard,' and rushed out and squatted down between the middies' sea-chests in the waist, and larfed it all out by myself, while the ship's company were turned out to look for the man they thort I had seen. or fancied I saw, falling overboard.

"Every morning and evening, at sunrise and sunset, all weathers, he'd spread his little bit o' carpet on the quarter deck, officers' side, not captain's side, tho' he had a right to go there, so 'umble-like was he, and he'd go down on his knees and watch the ever-changing sun. And once, when I had to go by, I happened to look at him, I say 'once,' for of course I never looked agin, and his little copper-colored face had a light, Tom, in its eyes that I never seen in yourn, Baptis' tho' you be."

And here the Instructor's eye moistened, and his voice was a little unsteady for an instant or two. And then he went on,

"Dry," sez he, one day, for his rule was, he said to me, to "Trust all in all or not at all."

"Dry," sez he, "they think I'm going to England to see if we can make the value of the rupee stop changing in respect to the value of gold. Just," sez he, and he larfs, "as if you could make the running gear keep fixed in relation to the masts and stays, or keep the price of a local and unsteady crop, like pertaties, keep in a fixed relation to the price of wheat. What I am really going for was to find out if I could do anything for you Tars. For you are a fine lot and I loves you. For this and for another object which I won't name even to you."

"Well, what *can* I do for you fellers?"

And sez I, "I've thort that matter over a long time myself, in case I ever got made Lord o' the Admiralty for havin' forgotten all my seamanship. These are the first things I grizzle over most—

"Firstly, our cap is too evvy. It gives us edackes if we wear it long. And it blows off the 'ed when we are aloft in a gale, and then there's half-a-crown taken off a 'ard working feller's wages to get another.

"And secondly, the officers don't look after the contractors. Their steward looks after them, for their own table, fast enough. But we gets the wust er meat at the highest o' prices. And then we get too much beef, and not enough mutton, and no lamb, weal or pork and unyuns. They has it for theirselves. *We'd* like a change as well as they. Wariety is charmin'.

"And thirdly and lastly, the cook should pass in cookmanship just as we have to pass in seamanship. The wittles may come from 'even, but the navy cooks they come from the very deaf cel 'imself. They ain't fit to cook boilin' water."

"And he took it all into that darned little copper-colored 'ed of 'is, and I 'ope somethin' will come of it some day."

"Yes," growled Plainsailing, "somethin' will come of it, just before the clock strikes no o'clock for the day er judgment. The Admiralty ain't plain-sailing. In *this* world, what is?"

"And I tell you what," added Plainie. "The fust thing the officers should do w'en they wakes up in the morning, that is, if they pretends to be Christians and 'as the himperdence to go to church, is to think what they can do to better the lot of us poor sailors."

"And the first thing you should do," remarked the *Witness* reporter, "is, I suppose, to think what you can do to happify the lot of the officers."

Plainie looked up kinder startled, almost scared, and the Electrician and Instructor exclaimed delightedly with one voice:

"'E 'ad you that time, Plainie!"

"And one day," the Instructor continued, "the little devil was seated in his cabin with the door locked, and he was on my knee—for he was an affectionate little beggar, and seemed to act and feel as if he was a boy—and he said suddenly:

"All religions, Will, come from God. They are God's most precious gifts to man. And I've been all over the world to see which is the best. And the Christian religion, as *practised* in England, and worse still in Australia and Canada, and worst of all in the United States, is the worst and most devilish of the lot. For Christ, your prophet, preached poverty and love, and his religion is by a long chalks the best in the world. But the brightest light casts the darkest shadow, and the best stuff when rotten makes the worst stink, and the hopposite of 'the best' is 'the worst,' and the practise of Christians, which is the exact opposite

(the logical contradictur, *he* called it) of what Christ taught, is the worst, and Christians themselves, the blackest, meanest and swindlingest, making-haste-to-be-richestest, most cowardly little whimperin' cusses in the world."

"And I sez to him, sez I, 'A man must be a bloomin' good Parsee to have any rite to find fault with a poor Christian. And if any Christian thinks a Parsee ain't as good as himself and perhaps better too, he ain't a Christian at all. Its a conteradiction in terms to call him so."

"Well, Will," said he, "all shipshape souls have one creed."

"They stick to what they learnt at their mother's knee. Why, your mother, Dry, would turn in her grave, if you turned snivellin' Methodist, tho' you don't believe 'ardly a word the Church of England, which you say you sail under, teaches."

"I don't believe he said that," said Plainie, who looked something like a Methodist.

"I don't believe he did either," said the Instructor, "I stuck that in to make you interrup. Now, Sonnie, where will you 'av it, Face, Front or Behind?"

"Face," said Plainsailing, and he turned to Bill, who was next to him, and never even took the chew out of his mouth. And Bill slapped with all his might and main, on his leathery old weathery cheek, enough to break his jaw. But he turned round and went on with his chew as if nothing had happened. This, it seems is the penalty of needlessly interrupting a good yarn.

"And one day, sez he to me, sez he :—' I 'av just taken all the God-worshippin' creeds in the world. For there *are* devil worshippers too, may the Lord forgive 'em. And I have just thrown overboard those things in which they differ, and I've just got these three left in which they all agree.

1. There is a God.

2. He hears prayer.

And 3. Whether there be a God or no God, devil or no devil, Hell and Heaven, or no Heaven, no Hell, it is better to be kind than unkind, truthful than untruthful, chaste than unchaste, and better to be self-sacrificing than self-indulgent."

"And he lives up to what he preaches, and if any of you really wants a bob or a pound, or even a five-pun-note at any time, you ask me, and if it is all plainsailing, (here Plainsailing pricked up his ears) you'll get it, and it will all come out of the pocket of that bloomin' little Parsee, for he's opened a bank account in my name for that werry puppose.

"But after all," suddenly said Mr. Racey, after a long pause, "there's nothing like the good old Church of England."

"Except the Westminster Catechism," said Mr. Drysdale.

"Westminster Catechism," said Jim, "Westminster Dogmatism, you mean."

"I would'na belong to a Kirk that has a drunken meenistry," flashed Drysdale, lapsing into broad Scotch, as usual when angry. He was of the United Presbyterians of 1793, while his messmate, Jim, was of the entirely antagonistic United P.'s of 1792½.

"And I would'na belong to a Kirk that's na older than my grey mare," replied Jimmy.

And then the fire kindled in me, F. C. Emberson, reporter for the Montreal *Witness*, and I leapt to my feet and spoke:

"Mr. Racey, the Electrician, is right," said I. "There is nothing like the good old Church of England! In it nobody asks you what you believe. Dean Stanley gave the Sacrament to a Unitarian. Notorious evil-doers only are excluded from the Feast of Love. Testimony was once given in a law court in England that the only clergy, or lay ministers of Grace, a certain Poor Law Officer had ever met at the bedsides of the utterly destitute poor in London, were, all of them, Church of England. In it no man is called to reveal to woman, man or men those tender and most mysterious dealings of God with his soul, which a man should hardly put into words, even to himself.

"I was born Church of England, and married Church of England, and, please God, I'll be buried Church of England, in spite of all your 'forty stripes save 1,' as the 39 Articles were called in Oxford in my day.

"If they kick me out of doors for heresy I'll climb in at the

window. If they chuck me out o' window, I'll climb, sootably enough, down the chimbley.

"But, Lor bless your soul, they'll never turn me out so long as I put 25c in the plate in church."

And as I was the invited guest, they, like gentlemen as they were, allowed me to have the last word.

And there was silence for a time.

And Lights, the Electrician, said reproachfully to Plainie, who was sitting next to me, "Tom, the gen l man ain't got no salt."

And Plainie took up a dab of salt from the cleanest corner of the salt boot, on the end of his jack-knife, and laid it carefully and tenderly on my plate.

SUCH

A SET OF GENTLEMEN I NEVER CAME ACROSS.



HERE THE TALE BEGINS.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARSEE FALLETH IN LOVE.

And it fell upon a day that :

The little Parsee fell in love.

And he fell in love with a female.

And he had the disease wery bad, wery bad indeed.

And the female in question was a woman.

And her name it was Olive Angelo.

And a wery nice name too.

She was the dorter of old Major Angelo at your service who entered Her Majesty's service, God bless her and hers, by bearing arms in Her Majesty's 42nd Foot and then he exchanged into Her Majesty's 52nd foot, which went away with him to India and tho' he was as cross as three stix he was as bold as blazes and his trunk was always in the van for the tale was that he was always at his regiment's head and so it was his luck then, to leave his legs in the

BREECHIES

OF

LUCK NOW.

where a cannon ball took off both his legs and so he laid down his arms

" And he had two bad legs and a troublesome cough
But the legs it was as carried him off "

and they carried him off to Canada for he said there was no other country in the world fit for a gentleman to live in, ever since Australia took to striking and England to knocking—under.

For he was of the old U. E. Loyalist stripe, the real old stripe to tackle the Stripes and Stars—stripes wat they gives their niggers ; stars wat the niggers see wen they get 'em.

And so the Major sailed from Calcutta to Montreal, via Vancouver, on Her Majesty's Ship, the

BILLY RUFFIAN,

And the little Parsee, of course, packed up his dimonds and lacs-of-rupee bills, for he had no lack of 'em, and all his duds and made arrangements to go off too, in the same ship, and to have a cabin next to the Major's and Miss Olive's, and a curtain over the partition so that wat he said could be heard or not heard by *the Major* as he wished.

And a very good arrangement too.

For the Major was as proud as the nigger captain of a row-boat—A paycock wasn't a sarcumstance to him.

And he wouldn't allow his dorter ever to speak, no, never, to nobody, nohow. And he wouldn't have let any one make love to her, no, not under a Field Marshal or a Hemperor of all the Roosias.

And they don't grow on every bush.

And if a little beggarly Parsee, most of all, a Japanee Parsee, had a made up to her, even tho' he was as rich as a man who wants nothing and lit his pipe with five dollar bills, he would have kicked him downstiers, tho' it *is* RATHER hard to kick a man downstairs, wen your bungolow is ground floor and one story high and you have

TWO WOODEN LEGS.

Now, some men fall in love with a ribbon or a bonnet. And au artist, *he* once fell in love with a footfall, and a very nice

young woman it fell from. And most men, specially Christians, fall in love with a figure—from the Heeland girl's tocher of "twa white shillins and twa pair o' blankets," up to the plummy figure of

£10,000.

But the Parsee, being a pagan, did not make matrimony a *mere* matter o' money, but being a haythen, and therefore possibly a cannibal, fell in love with a heart, a Noble, Loyal, Trusting, Maidenly Heart. And this heart found its form and expression

IN

OLIVE ANGELO,

HER HEAVENLY FACE.

A face where tender shadows fleet,
Responsive to the passing mood—
Sweet memories, promises more sweet,
Nay—*certainties* of endless good.

A face that courts the wildest breeze,
And woos the sun in summer hours ;
Lies chequered 'neath the flickering trees
And vies in tint with vermeil flowers.

And as some little lakelet clear
Reflects the sky's unmeasured whole—
So heaven's unnumbered charms appear,
All mirrored in this single soul.

Wouldst *thou* have *such* a face? Then say
Due orisons at rise of sun,
At evensong, recall and weigh
Each deed the passing day has done.

Cast out *all* fear and *all* desire,
Fear God, fear nothing else beside ;
Thy life-song—"Higher! Ever Higher!"
Like spray-snow on the vaulting tide.

My darling! Sun thyself in GOD,
His *mother-comfortings*, His grace,
His guidance, Voice—His *loving* rod—
And enter Heaven with such a face.

F. C. EMBERSON.

Montreal, Nov. 10, 1894,
131 Mackay Street.



CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! where and, Oh! where is my little wee dog—
Oh! where and, Oh! where can he be?"

Stanstead C. Folk-lore.

The author has unfortunately (?) mislaid this chapter. He does not know where it is, and he does not care.

Nor has he the faintest idea what it is about.

And he doesn't care.

If any of his friends come across it, will they kindly use it for kindling or other purposes.

But will they kindly return when found, the green silk umbrella which was lost at the same time; and mail it, open if possible, to

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.,

Ci Git Log-ut, Three Lakes,

Megantic, P.Q.

Meanwhile, I suppose I'll have to fudge in some kind of stuff to take its place.

SWEET 'ARTS.

And have you ever been in Hevuka, Fiji, said my master to me, accidentally—on purpose of course—one fine morning.

"Why, sir," sez I, "Ever been in Fiji! Why, that's where Alice Featherston lives, her as I kept company with when I was there in '87. At any rate she was a living there then, a staying with the Onorable Orace Emberson, the King of the Cannibal Islands, him wot started the Botany Bay Gardens in Levuka, and tried to introduce the Sacred Cow and Penang Goat, and the cultivation of P-nuts into the Fiji's. It woud ha' been the greatest possible boon to the poor natives.

Of course, the rascally government blocked his little game. He was too popular with the natives already.

"Don't u ever reit to 'er?" sez he.

"How can I rite to 'er?" sez I. "I can't rite to 'em all. So I rites to none, I tre 'em all alike. And so none of 'em can complain."

"Would you like to send her a little poem, if I rite it in 'er honor?" sez he, "and if I pays the postaje."

"I thank yer kindly, sir," sez I, "and 'artily. It 'ill kinder be a relief to my feelux."

"'Ardly a day passes but I think of her. Bless her little 'art. I'm a thinkin' of orl of 'em, orl the time."

"One in every port, I suppose," sez he.

"Reit u are, sir," sez I. "Not a missin' a single port."

And I confuses the name of the port with the name of the young woman, and the name of the young woman with the name of the port.

And the name of the young woman naturally comes uppermost.

And once when the Billy Ruffian was going to sail somewheres, in '55, during the Crimean war, and when all the newspapers wanted to find out where, so as to gain glory to themselves, and help the enemy, a curious thing happened.

A newspaper man gave me a lot o' rum, and gav me lots of pounds of tobacco, and lots of boxes of cigars, and asked me, sez he:

"Where may u be a sailin' to?"

Now, I knew by the officers' luggage that we was bound for one of the three ports in the China seas. And I sed:—

"We are sailin' under sealed orders. But unless I am pretty well mistaken, wich I never am, we are bound either for pretty Annie Caird—bless her—such a profile as hers I never saw—or for Hannah Kermode—bless her pretty black eyes—or for that good old soul Eliza Macpherson."

And he looked as mad as if he had swallowed a triple expansion enjin.

And he slouched away. And it never occurred to me till this blessed minit what he was mad about.

TO ALICE.

NIPHETOS.

Niphetos in the Greek means "A snow flurry." It is the name of a rose.

Creation scarce could further go !
 Each fragrant leaf of creamy snow
 So perfect is and fair,
 Nature herself would seem to say :—
 "Thou art not sprung from earthly clay,
 Nor built of cosmic air ;
 From highest heaven's holiest shrine,
 Came soul-like waftings all divine,
 And left thee growing there."

Now I pluck it, now I hold it,
 And high in priceless vase enthrone it,
 It pales—and droops—and dies—
 But wheresoe'er it blushed, we find
 A rare aroma stays behind,
 A scent celestial lies.

So—Alice—long as time shall last,
 Each spot wherein a saintly maid
 Hath but a fleeting moment strayed,
 Is fragrant with her presence past,
 And holy in my eyes.

F. C. EMBERSON.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SWIM.

"Sweating and Swimming are two of the most important elements in health and happiness."—Little Yokr.

My master and I, both of us, noticed about the same time, that Miss Olive began to give signs, most alarming to us, of forced good spirits and barely concealed depression.

No wonder! poor thing! all the time so near one she loved so well, and never a word to him, or from him; all a owing to her own father's cussedness.

We watched her in turns, quietly, all day, and one of us always held the white door of her cabin in view at night. One day we found that she had given a bathing suit which she had with her, to her maid Priscilla Laroquin, to be washed.

So my master went in for some scientific experiments, on the apparent relation between distances travelled by a ship according to the log, and the real distances as settled by observations of the stars and sun.

To do these as he pretended, he got the Commander to have a log-reel fastened on each side of the ship, in the chains. And near each log-reel a life-preserver; one of them round, ring-shaped ones for saving life at sea. And one of us generally was a hovering between the chains and her cabin door.

One starry night we were lying almost becalmed, in mid-ocean. About 8 bells, or midnight, a graceful shape,—a stepping easily and gracefully like a Milton's angels, not like a guilty, cowardly wastrel, going to shirk pain and duty for (?) the great interrogation point, emerged from her cabin.

We were both in sight, but it did not seem to see us, tho' from where we stood one would think it must have done so. Fleet as 'fif it had reached the chains, and looking round as a sane person does before plunging, dived easily and gracefully into three miles o' water.

In about 3 seconds—it seemed 3 hours to us—she rose and showed above water right up to the waist, as anyone would do who lets the will cease to work. Such a diver rises plump up, perpendicular, like a log from the pool at Niagara.

My master plunged in like lightning, of course.

"Man overboard!" roared I. Tho' I should have said, "Woman overboard!"

I cast the life preserver—which we attached to a light at the end of the log-line every night, straight for the "happy couple."

In a flash, almost before Jo Raven, the first lieutenant—nicknamed Bubs—who was a sailin' the ship, could pull the engine bells to "Reverse the Engine," my master had hold of a rope I flung to him between the combings of the shrouds. With one hand, Miss Olive as it seemed to me, a helping him, and he climbed up, and there,

Lor'-bless-ye, sh ewas in the cabin, and my master in his hammock before anyone but Bubs and a few of the starboard watch knew anything about it.

They, like gen'llemen, as we sailors tries to be, never said a word to one another, or to anyone, about it.

Jo Raven—Bubs, as we called 'im,—like a bloomin' cad as he was, enquired of Plain-sailin', officially, as captain of the watch, as to who had called out

"Man Overboard!"

Plainsailin', without saying anythink much, implied somehow that Bubs must ha' been drunk, or a dreamin' of his sweet'art or sweet'arts.

Bub tried to go on kicking up a hobbery about it, tho' none but the cook and the captain's steward took any stock in him.

Till one fine day, Plainsailin', who was a greasing the mizen mast, quite accidentally, dropped a big bucketful o' hot grease plump on his head, neat as nine pence, as he was a passing under the mizen cross-trees.

And Bubs coul'n't do nothink to him, except fine him the value of the grease.

For accidents will 'appen, aboard ship, sometimes, sum-ow.

And arter that Bubs kept his pesky, little tung atween his teeth.

And time he did.

And, by the way, as Miss Olive reached her cabin door, she looks round at me and my master and says (so arch-like and happy,) I love to recall her look as she said it:

"I do so dearly love a swim."

"And a life preserver?" sez I.

And she blushed, and ran in to change her clothes, and to take suthin' hot and go to bed.

GOD BLESS HER.
BON COEUR.
SANS PEUR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHISPER OF THE SEA SHELL.

I, Wm. Drysdale, Instructor to the Boys, i.e., to sailors less than three years in the service, deposes as follows :—That is to say :—to wit :—"In 1893 I was wally to a Parsee passenjer on the "Billy Ruffian," from Calcutta to Vancouver.

We woz werry confidential, coz y, being a valley, he aperiently valled me werry ily.

And to suck his little Parsee brains all I cood, I used to axe him all kinds of intererogations and questions.

And one morning, the wind being fowl and choppy, I sez to him, sez I :—

"And wot was us poor beggars put in this 'ere circumbendibus of a world for, at all, anyhow?" sez I.

And sez e :—

"To be appli," sez he.

"And how is a man to be appli," sez I, "in a world were beef-steak is fourteenpence a pound."

And, sez he :—"By listening to

"THE WHISPER OF THE SEA SHELL."

And he handed me a printed, original, manuscrip, all written by his own hand, and printed off at a printing offis, in English letters, wich it puzzled me how he got it done by some little Parsee printer's devil."

And it ran thusly, and so fashion : word for word, so how :—

The subject of the words below is one where angels may almost fear to tread. Not written without thoughts of fear, it should not even be read except in fitting mood or time. To thoughts such as these, the mind is seldom attuned, except when the voices of the

night wake the better soul within us to an antepast of heaven's holy calm, or when, under affliction or fatigue, the reader is in tender mood.

He should, at least, refrain till he has ample time to read slowly, weight thoughtfully, and assent with care.

"Be much in the society of thy Best Friend."

Our best friend, if we will make Him so, is God.

(1.) Would we know His existence? Would we know that He is?

Then let us cross, like some blind man, to the sunny side of the street of His ways, and know His heart-, body-, soul and spirit-warming rays, and say,

"Der Sonnenschein,
Der Sonnenschein,
Es scheint in meinen Hertz hinein."

"The sun she shines,
Long may it shine.
She shineth in this heart of mine."

(2.) Would we know His character? Would we know what He is?

Then let us read the Psalms, and mark each and every passage which speaks of His truth, His tenderness, and His love. Next let us copy these out, and then transcribe them, in fairest order and most connected sense, into some Vade Mecum of our highest thoughts, choicest cullings from choicest authors and daily good resolutions.

His existence known, His character most familiar, let us make Him our very friend. "How?" do you ask? "Separation," as Aristotle saith, "separateth very friends."

Suppose an Arthur Hallam ever lived with thee, all the more constantly present because ever invisible to the eye. Suppose him ever ready to hear thy questions and resolve thy doubts. Wouldst not talk with him daily, yea, in every little subseculive hour? Wouldst not refer to him every doubt and ask him to decide it; every irresolution, and ask him to end it?

And GOD is ready to do all this. He has done it with His chosen servants since recorded time began. Was He not in the cool of the evening in a Garden with Adam, and "the fairest of her daughters Eve." "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him;"—surely the sweetest, briefest poem and

most celestial word music that even the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath ever penned.

Plato heard this voice, and not only did it answer him (as it has done me, chiefest of the frail, whenever I spoke to it), but "*Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm*" of itself. And so was Plato enabled to describe unwittingly that death which gave us life—the life-giving death of One who carried out Plato's noblest antepast of "Him who being just, is adjudged unjust by men." For Plato wrote, four centuries before the birth of Christ, these words :—

"Then shall the Just One be Condemned though innocent, be tormented, scourged, despitefully entreated and finally crucified, that he may learn that the life of man is given him, not to seem—but to be just.

And the Voice spoke to Epictetus, and showed its love. And the words it said were graven on his tomb for all to read forever :—

"I was a slave ; poor, brutally ill-used, maimed, misshapen, sickly, and very dear to GOD."

It spoke to the priest Copernick, who, exiled by the infallible Church of his fathers and of the Church of his own dearest beliefs, to icy lands and blasts which were his death, had inscribed over his everlasting sleeping-place there :—

"Mercy ! O God of Mercy ! Mercy ! I ask it, not as asked by Peter or by Paul, but as the repentant robber begged it with a groan."

It spoke to Marcus Antoninus, who, on his bed of skin-covered, sloping board, writes thus, and the words shall ever live :—

"And why should I be afraid of death ? Death can but bring me nearer to God. And if there be no God, what is it to me to live in a world without a God ?"

But there is a God, and He "careth for us as His children."
And indeed,

"His Goodness watches o'er the whole,
As though the world were but one soul ;
Yet minds my every sacred hair,
As though it were His single care."

And does not Xenophon, too, speak divinely when he puts these

words into the dying mouth of Cyrus :—"Think not, my son, that I, when I leave you, shall be nowhere or nothing. When with you, you could not see my soul, except from its actions. Believe then that this soul exists, though you see it not."

And most glorious is the utterance of Cleero when he exclaims : "O glorious day ! when I go to join the perfect crown of human souls, and leave behind the seething mess of common men. For I shall then go to join, not only those glorious men of whom I lately spoke—but my son, my son. Never was there better man, never a more loving son. I closed his eyes. He should have closed mine. But the eyes of his soul were never closed on me. They were ever turned on me as he was going to that place whence he sees that I shall soon go to him. And o'er his very ashes I comforted myself, and thought that I should perhaps be going soon."

This voice would seem to have spoken to the grandsire of one of my dearest friends, to whom, in moiety, this booklet is dedicated. He was in Scotland, faring well. The voice bade the old man go to London, where he had not a friend. After a while he went to London. He knew not why. He never knew why. And, years after, the voice bade him go to Canada, to acres of snow, whose very name he hardly knew. He heard and heard, and then listened, and he came to Canada. He knew not why. And died, and knew not why.

But it may be, may be ; we perhaps have bare right to ask why the voice thus spoke. Some of us may guess. Weary with the dust and drouth of city life, irritated at the infection of Montreal money-madness, we now can enter a gallery of some of the pictures of the world. There before, one lovely representation at least (the Gruenwaldt), we can rest and listen to the still, small, calm and healing voice—'tis the voice of Nature,—the form in which the Inner Voice is always speaking to us through sea-shell or from scape or flower, as we would but hear. And what will it say ?

"My child ! why hurried ? Why ruffled, though but for a moment ? Look at me : I am calm enough."

And this gallery was built by the son and grandson of this old Scotchman who obeyed the Invisible Voice.

And, though each man's sorrow is (of course) the only really unendurable sorrow in the world, yet let him remember that amid the most Egyptian darkness, there is always, if he will have it so, one Goshen of light into which he may retire—the Goshen of his own dear heart.

And once upon a day the Voice spoke to 300 men at once. And it spoke in the words of a glorious, old, roystering Spartan war-song.

There were a quarter-million foes in front towards pleasant Tempe, and there were 250,000 behind on the road to home and dear Lacedaemon. And on their right hand was mud—worse, far worse, than a deep sea; and to the left there was the devil in the shape of an unscaleable cliff.

And they went to couch early, and slept as soundly as Macaulay says Argyle did in the Tolbooth.

And in the morn, they arose betimes, and combed those long locks, their pride, that showed their blue blood, so that they might die like gentlemen, as they were.

And then they sang out a glorious old-time Paean, resonant with wild delight of battle with one's peers, with stern contempt of death, and with joy of victory;—yea, that greatest of all victories, the victory over self and shame.

And they fought till every man was killed! For "the arrow did not choose out the bravest only," but slew them all, and every wound in front.

O Zeus! Zeus! How glorious to live in a world where such a deed was done!!

And one cried to one of these old Aryan hearts-of-oak, "Look at those Persians. Their 5,000,000 arrows will darken the sun." And the jolly old moribund (probably swore and) said: "Then we'll lick 'em in the shade." And the words will live for ever, and survive the clock of time.

Verily the race of heroes has not died out. We would hardly recognize them unless we looked them carefully in the face, or eyes to eyes, remembering this dictum of Dickens, that "If ever we are deceived by a man, we cannot blame Nature. Nature stamps it on his face. We do not see it because we wilfully blind ourselves to the mark of the beast, or, the mark of what is worse than a beast, a dishonest man. These heroes are men. They have not entirely eradicated the Non-divine Element in them, and it is often on the surface on its way from within into space, like Bob Acre's courage oozing out of his finger tips.

I have known such heroes. They will suspect me for calling them such. They need not be alarmed. I am perfectly aware of their basenesses, their —, and their —, and their—.

One of them heard a cry of distress from the wrecked sailors of the "Cynthia," "one morn as on his bed he lay." He leaped from the bed, slipped into his trousers (he calls them "pants"), jumped barefoot into a crazy craft, rowed to the wreck. "Never mind us," called the captain of the foretop and some two others (who were on the next bit of wreckage); "go for the pilot, he can't swim." And he went for the pilot, and he saved three lives at the risk of his own, and what is worse and less romantic, at the risk of catching his death of cold.

And the three men he saved and fed, walked in dripping garments 3 miles to the street cars, and the street car conductor (like master, like man) made them walk 5 more miles to the Court House, because they had not the necessary 5 cents each, their cash having gone down with their pockets, and their pockets with their clothes!

Moral.—Let the city of Montreal run its own street cars, use the profits to reduce our taxes, pay the men humanly, and then they will be human.

And my "Water-Baby" acquaintance hath a fire-king friend, who hath an apprentice to whom he is a spiritual and moral father. And there was at Longue Point a fire-trap to "save" the Province the expense of \$116 a head a year for lunatics, "as if by fire."

And the fire came, and there was a host of "furieuses" in the "furious ward," which is happily a thing of the past in modern asylums. And they refused to go out, and there was no exit for them had they wished to do so.

And my fire-king acquaintance (would I could call him friend) and his apprentice axed their way upwards (!) through the flooring of three successive galleries or verandahs, hewed down the bastilian bars of $\frac{3}{4}$ iron which imprisoned the building, and dragged the would-be salamanders from their fiery furnace, and shoved them one by one, will-she, nil-she, through the openings they had hewn in the verandah floor with their axes, some dead, some alive, and some betwixt and between.

And they escaped as if by a miracle, and went about their daily work a few hours afterwards as if nothing had happened.

And they cannot go and get drunk when they read these words in a printed book, for they are, happily, teetotallers like myself and Mr. John Dougall.

Nor is the race of hero-giants like these likely to die out. With

better education, a potent producer of deliberate pluck, with better books and better food, they are increasing every year. Witness the daily acts of our Montreal and other firemen.

And perhaps they are nowhere so numerous as in the English Navy. He ought to know this well who has sailed with them, eaten with them in the fore-castle mess, discussed religion with them in the dog-watch, run about the deck barefoot with them, but one happy live long day on board H.M.S. "Canada." None that had seen their movements, their look, their fearless discourse and bearing, combined with the tenderest and most gentlemanly courtesy to a stranger and to the weak, could have doubted that every Jack Tar of them would have died to a man, as did the 300 Spartans at Thermopylae.

Their mates have actually done so. For, one night, an echo of the Voice spake in the words of the hearty British cheer, "Hip, hip, hurrah! and three times three." It was on the wreck of the "Amphion." The shipwrecked tars knew the hull was bound to sink. And the sea was high, and it was hard to take off even a few at a time to the rescuing steamer in the offing. And they carefully helped the weak, in the order of their weakness, into the boats. And each knew that his own chance grew less as each boat-load left. And each drew back rather than pushed forward to be taken off. And night fell.

And the wreck was invisible on the waters, and there was no more hope.

And suddenly the hulk trembled like a guilty thing, and they knew that this meant Death. And then, out through the darkness rang three hearty British cheers. Not a quivering note, not a tremor among them all. What I have of my mother in me comes to my eyes as I write these words.

And they went down to be tossed with tangle and with shells in a glorious grave, to clasp hands again, I thank God, in a still more glorious eternity.

O Jesus! Jesus! Thou who wert as fearless as they! How glorious to live in a world where such glorious deeds are done!

And if we will but obey the Voice day by day in the smallest trifling acts of kindness and of love, the glorious chance of doing such a deed may come to you and to me. Let us then thank God and take courage.

God can give happiness without the means of happiness. The Jesuit father, last of his race in Spain, who rebuked sins in high places, was honored by sharing the fate of Him who was "Treated as Unjust, because most Just." Placed in prison in the top story, "beneath the leads," severed from every friend, he was handed one day a book filled with such unholy words as his soul would most abhor. This book had been published, under his name and as if written by him, by the regent of Spain. Whether it stung him or not none on earth shall know. And he is tried in his absence for having written this book and for other uncommitted crimes, and he is condemned to death, and the hour of his deliverance draweth nigh.

And, lo! he comes forth to die, and it seems as if his very lack of food and his bodily pain had but knit his attenuated frame to greater healthiness and most sinewy vigor. And on his face was a glory as of that of Moses when he came down from the Mount, the glory, a faint hush of which is ever on every face which cometh forth from the secret place where it hath talked with God. With that ineffable Joy still on every noble feature, the head was severed from the body by the axe of "a most Christian king."

* * * * *

Be much in the society of thy best friend.

And when I had redd it aloud to him, as he always made me doo suthink or other every day, he sed, sed he :—"Willy," sed he, "have you ever seen a face radiant and inspired and lit up like Moseses, and breathing the ineffable, streaming loveliness that comes from a pure maiden mind ever listening to the sea-shell from its earliest years."

And I turned to him, and a vision of one not far from us was as plain as Moses afore my werry eyes, and I looked him deep in the eyes and saw his secret there, and knew that we were both thinking of Olive Angelo, God bless her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SONG OF THE FOUR-CROSS FLAG.

"Song, as with Saul, banisheth the blues."

I started at 4 bells (as usual) to go on duty, as the Parsee's vally, and saw, Miss Angelo, our lady passenger in the chains in maiden meditation.

She needed it sore enough before facing her father, the Major's, tantrums all day. For if ever there was a peppr-livered, old, discharged Injun officer, as cross as 3 stix, xes it was he.

Generally she was bright and free, and faced the morning air like a lark at its orisons. To-day she seemed blue.

Of course I did not look at her as I passed, but I saw her all the same. The other sailors gave her clear steer-way as much as they could, being gentl'men, everyone o' them.

But I could not resist the temptation to steer my natural course right by her. For I felt it an honor, and a brightener to the day, to pass within hailing distance of the hem of her pretty dress.

When I got into my master's cabin, blessed if he didn't seem blue too :—

"Avast there my hearty," said I. For I thort I'd ort to cheer 'im up. "Care killed a cat."

"Don't fret your heart-strings into fiddle strings over nothink at all," I added. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever cum out of it."

And there's nothing on land worth a tinker's curse for fretting over.

Live in hopes if you die in despair.

Drive dull care away.

There's worse stomic-akes in the world than yourn, you bet, even if you had been livin' off cold drawn castor oil and hot cucumbers.

"Never say Di," as Jupiter said when Dianner ran away from him."

"Yes," sez he.

And the darkest hour of the night is the one just before morning.

And every cloud has a silvery lining.
 And behind the clouds the sun is still shining.
 It is only the shadows of this earth of dirt that hide it from the
 view.

And this world too shall pass away.
 Time and Tide wear out the longest day.
 And ginger will taste hot in the mouth for all that.
 Shall I give you any more ?

"Vacant chaff well meant for grain." Billy my boy.
 "Yes," said I, "Vacant chaff to a vacant mind, and cold kail comfort to a heart stone-cold with despair, or icy with selfishness."
 Let's 'ave a song.

And so we sang together in unison. I took the song, and he made some irrelevant noises, which he called "Singing a second below," and we sang "The Minute Gun at Sea."

"That song's first rate," said he, "I feel better already, and now give me a soler."

"Soler!" sed I, "what in L's that."

A soler is a song wich a man sings by hisself, without anyone els to 'elp 'im, entirely by 'imself, and all alone."

"In that case, I'm your man," sez I, "I don't want nobody to 'elp me. Shouldn't every tub stand, or sit, on its own bottom?"

And so I guv him the song of

THE FOUR-CROSS FLAG.

"Non nos timidi pro patria mori."

"No cravens we to fear
 For Canada to die."

There's a flag that's braved some hundred years,

Our fair Canadian breeze :—
 Shall cowards bid us haul it down,
 For pelf, or self, or ease ?

Run up the flag ! long let it wave !
 Till knaves and cowards cease ;
 It cannot float above a slave,
 It only fights for peace.

Chorus—Run up the flag.

Ye Ho, Ye Ho—

Run up the flag ! Ye Ho ! Ye Ho.

Right round the world, 8,000 leagues,
 Our British drum beats tap ;
 From pole to pole, 8,000 miles,
 Our Union Jacks o'erlap ?

With loyal love each soul shall burn,
 Whatever fate may come ;
 Steel-needle-true our hearts shall turn,
 To Country, Love and Home !!

"Where did you get the song?"

"It's the song of the Canadian National League. It's Sekereturry, a little bit of a feller, named Emberson, who messed with us one day in the fore's'l, on the ship "Canada," guve it to me.

And the next day we heard Miss Olive Angelo a singing it to her father in the Captain's Cabin.

"That's a werry good song," sez he, "and werry well sung. Why's it called the 'Four-Cross Flag'?"

"You ask," sez I, "I suppose, because you want to answer your own question yourself," sez I. "So fire away. One of the crosses, I suppose, means the hot cross buns we eat on Good Friday."

"No," sez he, a blazin' up like a trooper. "The crosses are the crosses of St. Louis, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, and St. George. Under these, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, and, best fitters of the lot, Irishmen, have been glad and proud to fight, bleed and die. And haven't we Injuns shown ourselves only too glad and proud to bleed and die under 'em too?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YARN OF THE MAD PARSON OF MAIDENHEAD.

"A plous and a painful preacher."

"You seem rather dull this morning. O I and mity potentate!" said I. "May I spin u a yarn?"

"Spin away, Bill," sed 'e, and he laid himself in his hammoc and prepared to try and go to sleep.

And I spun him the yarn of

"THE MAD PARSON O' MAIDENHEAD."

I woust had to lay by, after Cape Coast fever. I cort it by not sleepin' more than fifteen feet above deck, throo the ignorance of the Ship's Doctor, who ort to have insisted on our doing so. And I sunk so low in my efforts to ern my livin', that I hired as sextant to a Church. I kep' up my self-respect by making an express stipoolation that I never need go into the Church, but sit in the basement. There I cood eer all as was agoin' on up above, and there smoked my pipe while the ole man was a "turnin' the handle" upstairs.

Well, the parson was a simple kind of a cus, I mean customer. He had been a big scholar they sed. But mity little he had to show for it. When he was a readin' in the three-decker, he was allus a thinkin' of suthing else; and wen he wrote his sermins, he sometimes wrote what he thort, and not wat he ort to think. He made werry funny beefsteaks sumtimes, sure-ly.

Once, two leaves of the big prayer-book kinder stuck together, and he red out:—

"The wicked shall flourish like a green ——"
and then he turned over the twoleaves which were stuck together,

and on the top of the leaf he didn't ort to have turned over, the werry first word of the leaf was the word "horse."

He helevated his i brows and turned the two pages back again to see if he had made a mistake.

"Yes," said he, "it is horse."

And he read resignedly.

"The wicked shall flourish like a green bay horse."

And another day he red :—

"These two did milk a bear unto Abraham," and we all thort Abraham mus' ha' been werry 'ard up for a cow, to have to milk a bear, and that the bear must have been most e' ageously wiolet and wicious for it to take two men to milk 'er.

And once he read :—

"The wicked flea—when no men pursueth—is as bold as a lion."

And I thort the fleas in them days woz mity like the fleas in my bordin' 'ous. And I tould 'im about it, and sed I thort it a confirmatory proof of the truth of the Scriptures, and he larfed fit to split, and said nuthin'.

Well, one Good Friday he let the cat out of the bag, and a spakin' about the judgment day, he let out what he really thort of that matter, for he said, mighty solem :—

And in that day the righteous shall shine forth as the light, and the wicked shall go to the place appointed for them,—which is probably nowhere.

But as for poor ordinary sinners like you and me, it is to be 'oped we shall escape in the general confusion."

"Did not the congregation object?" you may say.

Bless yer soul, they didn't mind it. They rather liked it.

Well, the Rector one day asked me to go with him to back him up, as he had a terrible hard job to do.

There were two brothers, twins, named Chambers. Albert Chambers, and John Chambers, exactly like one another. In fact, one was so much like both, that you couldn't tell t'other from which.

Now, Albert Chambers had an old leaky boat in which the Rector and I had been one day very nearly drowned, and carried away by the floods.

And John Chambers had lost his wife.

And the Rector bid me go with him to condole John Chambers on the loss of his wife.

Well, he met Albert Chambers, who had lost his boat, and thort he was John, and says he :—

“I must condole with you on the terrible loss you have sustained.”

“Loss !” cries Albert, “I don’t call it a loss ! She was only a rotten old tub anyway, and good for nothing.

And the parson turns his back on him, raises his ‘ands to ‘even and exclaims :—

“Oh ! the outspoken heartlessness of these working men !”

Then he meets John, who had lost his wife, and John comes up to him, and pulling a long face, sez to him :—

“I have ‘ad a terrible loss, your Reverence, since I saw you last.”

“Loss !” cries the Parson, “I don’t call it a loss. She was as old as they make ‘em, and she was no use anyway !”

And John raised his ‘ands to heaven and exclaims :—

“Oh ! the outspoken heartlessness of these ere parsons !”

And my master never found out his mistake.

Well, one day he preached on the proofs of the Existence of God. And he guv us all the hinfidel arguments against there bein’ any God able to make this world worth livin’ in.

And he guv them to us, all fair, and square, and ship-shape, took right out of their books, and then he said it only needed a few sentences to demolish the whole brewin’ of ‘em.

But, Lor’, bless yer sole, the stuff he wound up with was so weak and watery, I thort he was kinder hironical.”

And as I was a countin’ over the coppers from the collection plate in the westry, he a takin off his surplus, sez I to him, sez I :

“I ‘umbly beg your parding, sir !” sez I, “for ‘umbly disagreeing with a mity high scholard like yourself, but, I think there is a God.”

And he larfed fit to split, and said quite cheerful like :—

“Vell Villum,” sez he, “I’ll try to do better next time.”

He was a kindly man to work for, he was, and always paid me my wages, regular.”

“Now, sir !” said I to the Parsee, “Do you think there is a God ?”

And he said :—“Think it, William, I know it. Any man knows it, who will only walk and talk with him as Enoch did.”

But if you want to have it in proof, that no logician or critter who aint lost his reasons, can dare to gainsay, I’ll write out the proofs for you in Silly Jistic form.

And when u've copied 'em out in your best handritin', and lernt 'em by 'art, wich is the only way to understand them, you can belay your copy to the belt in the Chains, at 4 bells, some fine mornin'.

Then if any misguided young female should come along, a minute or so after the bell strikes, here his little almond-shaped eyes moistened, unless I am werry much mistaken, with love, and awe, and tenderness, she may find, read, mark, learn and see if she can detect any Undistributed Middles in my Silly Jisms."

What on yarth he meant by undistributed middlings, I could not conceive, but them's very words.

And Miss Olive found that there precious M.S. copied out by me. I thort I saw her kissin' it as she carried it past the anchor-capstain. Wich I took as a mity compliment to my handritin'.

CHAPTER IX.

"Look'st at the stars, my Star? O wou'd that I were the heavens,
 Starry wish infinite eyes, gazing, still gazing at thee."

PLATO.

HOW TO BE A 'ERO AND A HARTEST.

"Well, William my boy," said he, one day, after I had given my usual report of the health and appearance of a certain young lady who shall be nameless, I had happened as usual to see her, unseen myself, as she sat in the Chains at her morning duty, as I passed by the capstain, on my way from the fores'l to the aft cabins :—

"Well, Wilyum, my boy, I have sold my shadow, I suppose to the devil, like Peter Schlemyl, for I find that I can have at a wish anything I want, and anything my friends want."

"And is there anything you want, Wilyum?" sez he.

"I want to be a 'ero and a hartist," sez I, quite eagerly.

"Will, Billy my billy goat!" sez 'e, "U'r already a 'ero. For everyone who tells the truth and is 'onest is a 'ero. By 'onest I mean a man who is not mean enuf to take something for nuthing, as Lord Roseberry is, and the Prince of Wales, and all other betters on horse races, and what players at cards for money and all gamblers and lottery-men are mean enuf to condescend to do.

Haz to being a hartist, that's simple enuf.

Firstly, go in for a course of moderate training, as St. Paul did. I mean the training of a sprinter, or the oarsmen in a College Eight-oar at Oxford. Get your body into a perfect state of uproarious health.

Under-do it rather than over-do it. The artist inclineth to a certain fatness.

Then stay at Oxford, and combine a study of osteology with a daily copying of the marvellous "studies" of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the gallery there.

Then determine to be a comic artist, for that seems to be your gift. And the true comic artist, mind you, is in the very highest walk of the art. Just as Aristophanes, Swift, Moliere and Shakespeare, Cervantes, Lesage, Emberson (the wittiest of them all) stand at the head of all literature.

The comic artist can change a dynasty.—Harper did this in scouting Tammany. And he can help to reform a nation, as Hogarth did, and dear old Cruikshanks, my father's friend.

For that purpose have the masterpieces of the leading comic artists constantly under your eye, and being copied or emulated by your hand. Then raise your general intellectual love to the level of your work, by reading daily a portion of one of the ten best books in the world, and learning a few lines of them at least :—

What's the best books in the world ?" sed I.

Sed he :—The Bible, Shakespeare, Fred. W. Robertson, St. Francois de Salles, Tennyson, Dante (in Carlyle's version), Carlyle, Homer (Chapman's or any other version), Marcus Antoninus, The Imitation, Epictetus.

Then keep doing a little work for the best and purest paper that will pay for it.

Then also you must have a reading acquaintance with Latin and Greek, so that you may stand on the necks of Greek and Roman thoughts, moral discoveries, and art.

Perhaps, to begin this, I may as well give you an inkling of the sound of the oes and es of that noblest of all languages, Greek.

I will give you a hitherto unknown chorus from one of Aeschylus' lost plays. I will give you its sound in my new phonetic spelling. This will, I hope, help to make the English language universal—as the English language soon would be without it. And then I'll give you the translation. For a real Greek and Latin scholar can translate anything.

A LOST CHORUS FROM THE CHOEEFORI OR POT-BEARERS OF AESCHYLUS.

"O ! Anna Anna !

Sugar, O Polly !

Mean, dirty Pompey ;—

Dinah—he kissed her.

Lamp ! Oh ! Lamps Oh !

O ware of war for many various reasons.

Greipo, Greipo, Bebele Acha
 Egreipon,
 Otatoi, Otatoi, Otatai,
 O
 Potapoi, Potapoi, Potapoi,
 Po !

The same Englished :—

O King ; King !	1111
O City, City !	
For may the procession	
By no means have so terrible a wash !	
I shine, I will (ever) shine—	1115
O ware of war,	
For many various reasons, war, I curse thee.	
I grab, I will grab, I have grabbed, I did grab.	
Otatoi ! Otatoi ! Otatoi !!!	
Oh ! ! ! !	1116
Potatoi ! Potatoi ! Potato !	
Po.	

NOTES.

Line 1111.—The King alluded to is the late Rector of Levis, P.Q., so well and gratefully known to the poor of Montreal, the Rev. E. A. W. King, to wit.

Lines 1116, 1117—Give in a few graphic, awfully prophetic, Aeschylean words, the whole prime principle of all modern wars, and all American commerce :—Grabbing.

This chorus is suspected by Bond and other Greek scholars to be spurious. For the rubbish, trash and nonsense, it is not nearly so rubbishy, trashy and nonsensical as the other Aeschylean choruses.

"And now, Billy my billy goat," sez 'e.

"Now for the tail to the whole body of my advice, which tail is bigger than the body, legs, and all, like the (Tail of the Ancient Mariner.)

To be a 'ero and a hartist, you must get "A Star."

Won't one of them meteors do, please sir ? sed I. "Fallin' stars are 'ard to catch without a boardin'-net."

"U don't undercumstumble, Billy," sez 'e.

"Let me spin u a yarn to show what I means.

When I was at Charlesley Hall, Oxford, there was a curious old perfessor named Sole of All Souls. He was ekally as famous for his eccentricities as he was for his unique, profound and intricate acquaintance with the Greek particles Men and Dee

"Well 'e used to ask every freshman he could tumble on, to breakfast.

And when the freshie had been utterly dumb founded by good old Souls never sayin' a single word 'imself, and saying still less in reply to any innocent remark the young feller might make hisself :—

The Perfessor would jump up, and seizin' the young feller by both hands, and sawing 'em up and down, would say :—

"Excuse me, sir, but have you got a Star ? I ask u. Have you got a Star, young man ?"

"Star !—— Sir !—— Star !" the young feller would say, a feeling in his pocket for the missing luminary, or Newspaper."

"Yes, sir ! a Star, a

"Bright, Particular, Star !"

I had a Star, young man, such a Star. No such Stars are made now-a-days, young man. And she kept me straight, in spite of numerous infirmities, and my turnin' Mahomedan for a year or two, all my college course.

If you haven't got a Star, Young Man, Get a Star. Get a Star.

"And lose no time about it."

And so Willy, my top-sawyer ! If u want to be a 'ero and a har-tist, u choose the right kind of young woman. Choose one infinitely above you, like what the Germans call a "Himmelsbild," or Image from Eyven, choose one you would feel you desecrated if you spoke to her.

And u know, Willy, I've been all over the world and spent a lot of time in Canada, and the brightest of all such stars are to be found in the cities of Quebec and Montreal, in that there country.

But don't you talk to her, Billy, for too long together, or make love to her too familiar, or, as Schiller says, "The dream is long, the awakening short," and you may find yourself sourly undeceived and bitterly disappointed !"

And I wondered whether Priscilla Laroquin, Miss Olive's maid, came up to that there definition.

And I have been a wondering ever since.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARSEE SICKENS.

"The devil was sick : the devil a monk would be :
The devil was well :—the devil a monk was he."

—Folklore.

One morning after our usual sparring bout and dumb-bell and club exercise was over,—for he always kept himself as gaunt as a greyhound and in trim for a lightweight championship, and as happy as a pilot-signal. Well, one morning, sez-I-to-him-sez-I :—

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Wilyam!" sez he, "do u kno what that witty prophet of yours, Paul sez, when he wants to say, 'Mind you, I am only boasting.'"

"If you had thort I knew, sir," sed I, "you wouldn't hav askt me."

"Well, Willum," sez he, "He sez, 'I speak as a fool.' 'To boast,' with Paul, was 'to speak as a fool.'"

To say, "I am not afraid to die," is to boast. The proof of the pudden is the eating, and let not him that sharpens his boarding cutlass for a cutting-out party, boast as him who gives it up to the armorer after the fray."

"When I am dead, Wilyam," sez he, with a wicked twinkle in those little almond-shaped eyes of 'isn, "When I am ded, Willum, then you can say if I was afraid to die. But remember Will," sez he, "If I di, remember no man is ded till he's berrid. And don't you fret your gizzard one hand's turn, till you see the Union Jack snatched off, and me shot into eighty fathom of water. For that's about the distance a man sinks, a floating purpendicoolar, with a shot tied to his petitoes!"

These were his werry words, or something different. And a mity comfort they were to me, as I'll explain later on.

"Bill," sez he, "after a sitting over the fire, and a chucklin' and a grinnin' to hlzzelf, like a ape at a monkey show, for nearly arf-an-our

"Bill!" sez he, "Do u think I look very well this morning?"

"Well, sir," sez I, "There seems to be suthin mity curious a goin' on in yoor reidlikerlus faculties."

"That's it, Bill," sez he, "They are of course mity close connected with the humerus, and the humerus is in the arm, and I must have strained my forearm in trying to reach that there snub nose of yourn, when we were a boxin' this morning."

"Bill!" sez he, "send for the doctor."

So the doctor cum. And he felt his pulse, and sed it beat mity low, and he was altogether pale and out of sorts. And then the doctor blew his speaking-trumpet over his lungs, front side.

And he put his ear to his back side.

And he thumped his left side. And if the little cuss hadn't been ill, the doctor would ha made him so."

And then the doctor sed "he had 'dize-nosed' him at last."

Now the doctor who was a thirsty sole, and the sole is always a thirsty fish. And the onl water the doctor took, was strong waters. And he took 'em early to clear his 'ed. And he had an amazin' eccentricity of allus putting the wrong medicines in the wrong bottles. And so we always chucked 'em out of the nearest port hole, soon as they were served out. And so when some pills for him to gargle himself with, and a gallon jar, labelled lunar caustic, for him to swallow, and a blister the size of a sky-s'l, cum, for the invaled to sit upon, we just wrapped up pills and par in the blister, and heaved 'em all overboard.

Well, that day he ate nuthin', tho' he rattled out such a succession of jokes in an ever weakenin' voice, that I didn't kno wether to larf or cri. But I just kept busy and cheerful as he told me. For of course, I knew that if there was a even, that he, like Nelson, would walk slap in.

And the next morning he sent and asked the captain's leaf, saying as on the doctor had sed that he mite one day di o' shortness o' breath, and that so he woud like to have a Symposium of the fores'l mess, as it was mostly composed of old fishermen, on the "Immortality of the Sole." For the Sole is the king of fishes, cos it always swims in pairs.

And we nun of us nu wat a Symposium was, so we cum to the conclusion it was summat to eat.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME HAPPY DEATHS.

"Ah! Garrick!" said Dr. Johnson, pointing to his fine pictures and luxurious surroundings, "These are the things which make a death-bed hard."

My Master, that same afternoon, asked me to read him a little collection he had had printed of some Happy Deaths.

I could not read them. I had a sudden fit of snow-blindness, or something of the kind, which kept filling my eyes with water.

So I went and asked Major Angelo, if he would let Miss Olive go with her maid to read to a poor sick man who was expected to die.

And the Major ordered her off to do it, so sharply, I was half-ashamed I had asked him.

And below is printed what he asked her to read.

And as she read it, her deep eyes often moistened, over the subject matter.

But she seemed to have no sympathy with the dying man, my Master, who lay in his hammock without saying a word—looking at her with half-closed, happy eyes.

Her apparent utter lack of feeling for him surprised and shocked me at the time, though I understood it well enough afterwards.

THE DEATH OF YORK.

King Hen. Well have we done, thrice-vallant countrymen :

But all's not done ; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,

(Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds)

The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd
 And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud,—“Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry.”
 Upon these words I came and cheered him up :
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, “Dear my Lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.”
 So he did turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 and gave me up to tears.

RABELAIS.

“Apportes moi donc mon Domino” Disait le bon pere, en mourant
 n'est ce pas vrai que “Bonum est in Domino mori” Rabelais.

“Let us sing a laud, for is it not a good thing to die in the Lord,”
 said the dying Rabelais, and these were his last words.

A good man and a priest must have walked with God as his own
 familiar friend for many years before he could die trustfully with
 such a jest on his lips.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Sir Thomas More, whose single blemish was that he showed him-
 self, if anything, too ridiculously loyal to his “tiger master,” when
 being executed for high treason because he persisted in holding his
 tongue, instead of telling a lie to please Henry VIII., was told by
 the headsman that his beard was in the way of the axe. He
 quietly pushed it aside, saying, with perfect good temper, “I pre-
 sume my beard hasn't committed high treason.”

SOCRATES.

Socrates, when being executed for saying that every cultured man of his day thought, after putting the conduct of his accusers in as excusable a light as possible, calmly drank the infusion of the hemlock plant which was then the means of capital punishment. When the cold had mounted his legs and reached his body, and death was absolutely certain, he quietly told one of his disciples to "go and offer a cock to Aesculapius," the then God of Healing. A more subtle flash of humor can hardly be imagined. It was as bright and happy, as the "Deja ?" of the French wit to his dying friend, who said he was "suffering the torments of the damned," was bitter and almost fiendish. Aesculapius was the most disreputable and despised of all the Greek goddskins, as we learn from Aristophanes, and the idea that he could cure one whose body was stiffening with death, must have seemed inexpressibly comic to the man who ever obeyed a Higher Voice, and looked upon death merely as that which would make him in all probability (for he had not the Christian Certainty) go where he would see his "Guide, Counsellor and Friend," face to face, and live with him for ever.

BESSIE GAUNT.

The fugitive was saved from death by an ancient matron of the Anabaptist persuasion, named Elizabeth Gaunt.

This woman, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a constant visitor of the jails.

Her compassionate disposition, led her to do everything in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board of a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money, which, for her means, was very large.

It was noised abroad that the anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harbored rebels, than against the rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the Government, and he gave information against Elizabeth Gaunt. She was brought to trial. The villain whose life she had preserved, had the heart and the forehead to appear as the principal witness against her, and she was sentenced to the stake.

Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn. She left a paper, written, indeed, in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror.

"My fault," she said, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo ! I must die for it."

To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn saw Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterward related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, all the bystanders burst into tears. Since that terrible day, no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence.

Underneath this my Master had written in his own hand, thusly : --

"Similarly since, a man roasted his game-cock alive, basting him with his own hands, because he had been defeated, cock-fighting has been a penal offence. Since the Virgin wept beneath the cross, woman has begun to be the equal or superior, instead of the slave and toy of man. And the Martyrs, burnt where I have revered the cross in the pavement of Broad street, Oxford, lit a fire in England which shall never die out till all shall cease to believe that a man can swallow and digest his Maker."

Miss Olive closed the book when she had done, and left my Master's cabin, without a word, with eyes cast demurely down.

Just as she closed the door, she burst into an, apparently uncontrollable, fit of laughter.

Poor thing ! Poor thing !

V



PREPARING FOR SYMPOSIUM OF THE FOREST MESS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NOX AMBROSIANA OF THE FORCS'L MESS.

"And a pretty mess they made of it."

Captain Cook.

Well, as four bells struck, we all filed, single-filed, out of the fores'l, up the fore-ladder, along the main deck, and as we passed the chains, there was Miss Olive at her orisons as usual. And knowin' as she must ha' found out, that it was just nip and tuck wether our little passenger kicked or no, I thort she might ha' shown more feeling, for she larft till she shook all over, as she saw our procession passd.

We were each of us in our _____ and carried our knife and fork, as we did when asked to a spread by another mess, havin', as I sed, cum to the conclusion that a Sim po syum was suthin to eat. All but Tom Plainsailin', who always cum to a conclusion the directest hopposite of what everybody else was. He smoked it over and cum to the idee that a sim po' syon was a sort of Japanee-Parsee-funeral-rehearsal. So he cum in his go-to-meetin' Methodis' shore-togs, all black, all too big for 'im, and a tall white hat with crape or suthin black all round it, as solemn as a mute at a berryin'.

Well, I had rigged up the little cukes cabin just as he had told me too. He had had all the cabin hung with blue winders, and all lights lit. And hammocks for each member of the mess was slung around the table, for we had red over together the article shimmy-posium and Delphon in the Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities," he had among all the pile o' boox, that made up the main left of his luggage, and we had found that the ainshunts alluz lied down at their vittles, and pretty 'ard work they must er had a swallerin' of 'em.

And as for the vittles, he had a big pile of sea-biscuit, just what we had been a priming ourselves with in case a simposium wasn't nothin to eat after all.

And at the tother end of the table was the ornerest rope-end of mess beef you ever clap'd 's on.

Now, as all the world knōws, the beef for all the men o' war, all the world over, is made of old Bristol cab-horses. That's a coz the horses are worked the 'ardest there, and the pavements are banged with most murderousest stones you ever see.

And so he had a little signal card stuck in the junk o' beef, on wick he had made me rite in print letters, the first two lines of the shanty we mutter as we hook up the beef out of the meat cask. I mean of corse :—

“—— your eyes, and —— your bones,
That rattled long o'er Bristol stones.”

For he had told me to blank out the swear words, as it was a solemn occasion.

And dacency forbids my tellin' wat he had stuck up as a mixin' bowl, a crater he called it, becoz, I suppose, it originally cum from Veshuvius. Well, he had a little cup round at the bottom, so that the drinker had to empty it en-tirely, and set it on the table, mouth down, like a hooked shark on a main-deck. This, he said, was the original shape of a tumbler, which was called a tumbler coz it tumbled down when u tried to set it up. And what the mixture he put in that there mix in bowl I never nu, for he crawl'd out o' bed, and did it hisself wen I was out of the room.

But as each man took 'is cup, he drunk it down, and smiled quite pleasant, and parsed the cup for me to fill for his nabber, and said it was verry good and he had never tasted anything like it afore, and then he muttered that he never 'oped to taste anything like it agin, but as each swallowed it, he looked mity blac at the feller who had just been a praisin' of it, and felt for his belt-knife as if he wished to assassinate 'im. But when it cum to my turn, I just turned my back on the company, and poured it down behind my belly-band, and chuckled tremenjus. And he had borred a skull from Mr. Racey the Electrician, which he kept nailed up in his cabin to study horseteology from, to lay the foundation of the true science o' d orin' the 'eds of horses.

And he had had the electric light arrangd so that they lit the room thro' the i-sockets and nose-oles, and grinning teeth of that there identical skull.

And when Tom Plainsallin' clapd eyes on the show, he faced the rest and crowed, as bully as a game cock :—

"I told ye it was a Parsee funeral praetis."

And he appints me captain and Lord I Hadmiral of the hole circus :—"harbiter bibendi," he called it in Japanee.

And I ups and sez :—

"Now, Mr. Racey, this 'ere feast o' raisins and flo'er sole, is to discuss the himmortality of that there identical amphibious shell-fish,"—a speekin' figgerativly and pillin' in hepibets that didn't apply as the po'its doz. For it was a solemn occasion. "Wat's your idee on this little sureumstance."

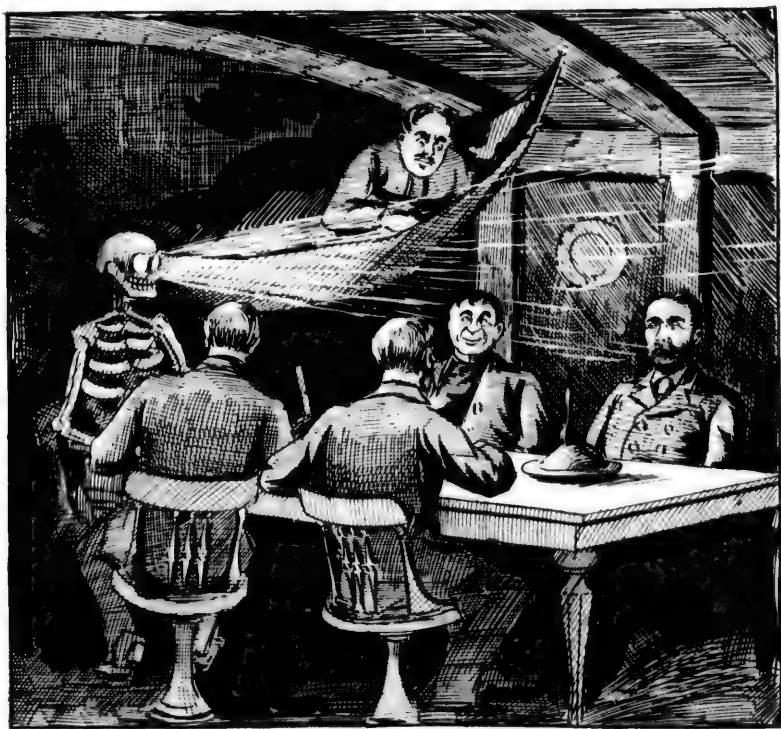
"Well," sed Mr. Racey, and he spoke quite seriously.

"To me the immortality of the soul follows, as an immediate deduction from the Goodness of God. There is an argument well known to logicians which runs thusly :—

"If there are more hairs on a man's head than there are men in the world, two men at least have the same number of hairs on their perieranium.

Now, if a man sees this, he sees it, and you can't persuade him to the contrary. If he don't see it, he don't see it, and it's little use trying to make him see it. For it has never yet been reduced to a series of syllagisms. To me the Infinite and Eternal Life of the Soul follows as a direct inference from the Goodness of God, at the existence of such an infinite delight as music, and such infinite beauty as is to be found in flowers, and every pure-minded and innocent woman. Here we all thought of Miss Olive. All the really great forces in the world," he added, "are invisible and not to be touched, tasted, handled or seen. Such are Electricity, Heat, Light, moral influences, such as enthusiasm and panic. Character, which is as identical with the Soul as concave is with convex, is just such a force. For these forces are known only by their effects, and the effects of Character are more potent than them all. Character, as Ruskin has shewn, moulds a gross form as well as the exact unit of the angular degree of a crystal character raises most dogs above the average moral level of humanity. Character will assimilate to itself the very shape of a man's or woman's boots. And even if the Soul were not Immortal, which it certainly is, it is our plain duty to assume that it is, and act on the assumption. It makes us wiser, happier and better men.

And then again the reductio ad absurdum has always been acknowledged a rigid, logical proof, and it must therefore be acknowledged as proven, that the Soul is immortal, because the idea that it



THE SYMPOSIUM OF THE FOREST MESS

is not so, leads to absolute absurdity, to utter self-indulgence, utter listlessness, recklessness and suicide.

Tennyson has shewn this :—

This orb of green.

When Mr. Racey sat down, 'Tom Plainsailin', being used to spout at Methodis' prayer meetings, jumped out of his hammock and spun his yarn :—

"As to the Immortality of the Soul," sed he, "I don't deny I'm strictly a Methodis',—here he scowled at me—"and therefor I'm strictly orthodox, and all that. Orthodoxy is my doxy, and 'eter-doxy is sunbody else's doxy. As to th strictly Mthodis' and horthodox doctrine about the himmortality of the Soul, I, of course, believes it all and so on, and I've the less difficulties in swallerin' it acoz I don't understand it.

But as to the plain common sense of the matter, which is quite a different thing, it's just this. God made a lot of soles, and tis rank nonsense to suppose He'd let 'em di after he'd a made 'em. As soon as we di, our soul goes into somebody else's sole, and becomes a new creature. Moses and the Bible itself speak of becoming a new creature."

Here he looked triumphant.

As for punishment, the punishment comes on as the man is actually engaged in sinnin'. As he is a drinking, as he is a indulging hisself to excess in any of the lusts of the flesh, the punishment is a being stored up in the seeds of a edache the next mornin', or even of a rotting of the whole body later on when the devil forecloses his mortgage. As append to a messmate of mine, whose very flesh turned black and dropped in pieces from 'is body in the General Hospital at Montreal, Canada, where we're a sailin' to. But he was a bad un he woz. And when a man is a lyin' or a cheatin', he is just a lowerin' hisself in the scale, which is worse still. Well, when we di, of corse, we don't di, any fool knows that, we just turn into another animal, or hentity, ier or lower in the scale o' creation, accordin' as we raised ourself i-er or lower in life.

Here Jimmy Plain-sailing, Presbyterian, jumped up, with threatening forefinger extended, and cried :—

"The Allegation is false, and the Alligator knows it."

"No man can be saved unless he holds—hard and fast—stem and stern—by the Westminster Catechism, as I do."

"But what it teaches, I don't know and I don't care."

This is good, true, plain sailin' by the compas, and any man who sails different, don't know nothin' o' navigation.

But as for the stiff, sound, orthodox Methodis' doctrin on this at all other subjee, of course, I believe that too, every word of it, tho' as I said afore, I haven't the least idea what it means.

"And now, passenger," sez I to the Parsee, "you look a mity sight too ill to speak," here tears almost cum to my eyes, and my voice trembled in spilt of all he said about keepin' my pecker up, and so forth, so just give us that little treatis, u must hav been a ritin on this subjee, or you woodn't er asked us to this 'ere confabulation.

And 'e winked with one eye and pulled out a little "monnergrarfs" as he called it, which will appear word for word in the next chapter.

And I served round a copy of this 'ere monnergrarf, neatly done up in a big envelope, and directed in 'is own 'and, to each member of the mess, and one over, with an O for Olive, in the corner of it. And, if you'll believe me, inside each enverlope was a five-pun note.

And I sed :—

And now, gentlemen, this is the hend of this eer hentertainment, and u may as well report for duty.

Thems was my very words, for why should I deceive you.

CHAPTER XIII.

PARSEE'S PROOFS OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

So-called proofs from Analogy stay many minds. But analogy cannot, strictly speaking, prove. Its chief use is to illustrate and to give clear comprehension.

It is an old question :—"Which was made first, the egg or the hen?" The answer may be that the germ-egg was the germ-hen, and the germ-hen was the germ-egg. The nucleus of an atom of roteplasm divides. It starts a new and second call. The two cells subdivide and make many cells, which assume the shape of a bag or stomach, and lo! the first two stages of the human and all other animal embryos. If the cells order themselves without forming a stomach, we have plants.

The egg seems a poor type of immortality, even when Eastertide makes the mind.

"Delightedly believe Divinities, being itself Divine."

The Chysalls is a far better instance of coming to life again. The fact that in it the wings are seen beneath the cerements, and that the Indo-Germanic instinctive adumbration of truth invests angels with wings; that, proceeding from a "worm," it passes through a practical death to a winged most happy existence that seems to need no grosser, aliment, has always seemed to quick imaginations, a fact rather of preternatural than of natural history.

The very Greek word "*Psuchee*," "a butterfly," was used by them for "Soul," when the idea soul entered into one of their philosophies.

It has been said above that Analogy cannot prove; can only illuminate.

If, however, there be many known similarities between two objects, and if a certain circumstance produces a known effect upon

one of them, we are more or less justified in assuming that it will produce a similar effect upon the other.

This is merely in accordance with the fourth of the logical axioms which lie as the basis of all inductive reasoning ; to wit, that :—"A will continue to be A, till something occurs to stop it. Again, if two objects pass through a series of states with similar relations between these states, and the one is observed to pass into the other state as a result of the last known term of the series,—then—we are justified in assuming that we will find a similar result follow, when observable, to the other object in the other series.

Flowers have sometimes been held by the highest minds to give the highest indications and foreshadowments of God's goodness. They may well, therefore, be expected to teach the highest truths.

Now, plants are born, grow, eat, assimilate, breathe, self-heal, fight for survival, sleep and die like man. They sleep daily. Perennials die annually. Now, and this is a point both to be unobserved—In winter, trees and other perennials do not seem dead ; they are dead. The only living part of a plant are the five kinds of leaves and the combium layer. The "heart" and epidermis are dead.

"Dead as herrings that are red." They can be replaced by brown paper, or, as hollow oaks, be almost done without, altogether.

And yet, every spring, the dead tree comes to life again.

So will man, if his character be such that it will be good for him to do so.

God is good. When we die we can leave ourselves to Him to do what is best for us to annihilate, to revive, to torture if He will. If the torture is to work for our moral good—the only good worthy of the name—then, welcome all. If God could aimlessly torture, He would not be God but the Devil.

Finally, our nightly sleep may well seem a nightly reminder and type of death. Nightly as it deliciously steals over us, and we "grasp the boon of the Gods," let us thank Him.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Of course if he had not been a fool he wouldn't have said it.

Disbelief in the existence of a God. Disbelief in God's goodness, and fear of that self-contradictory absurdity, a material (?) and localised (?) Hell, is a frequent cause,—and, therefore, of course, effect also of Insanity.

Who can doubt the existence of God.

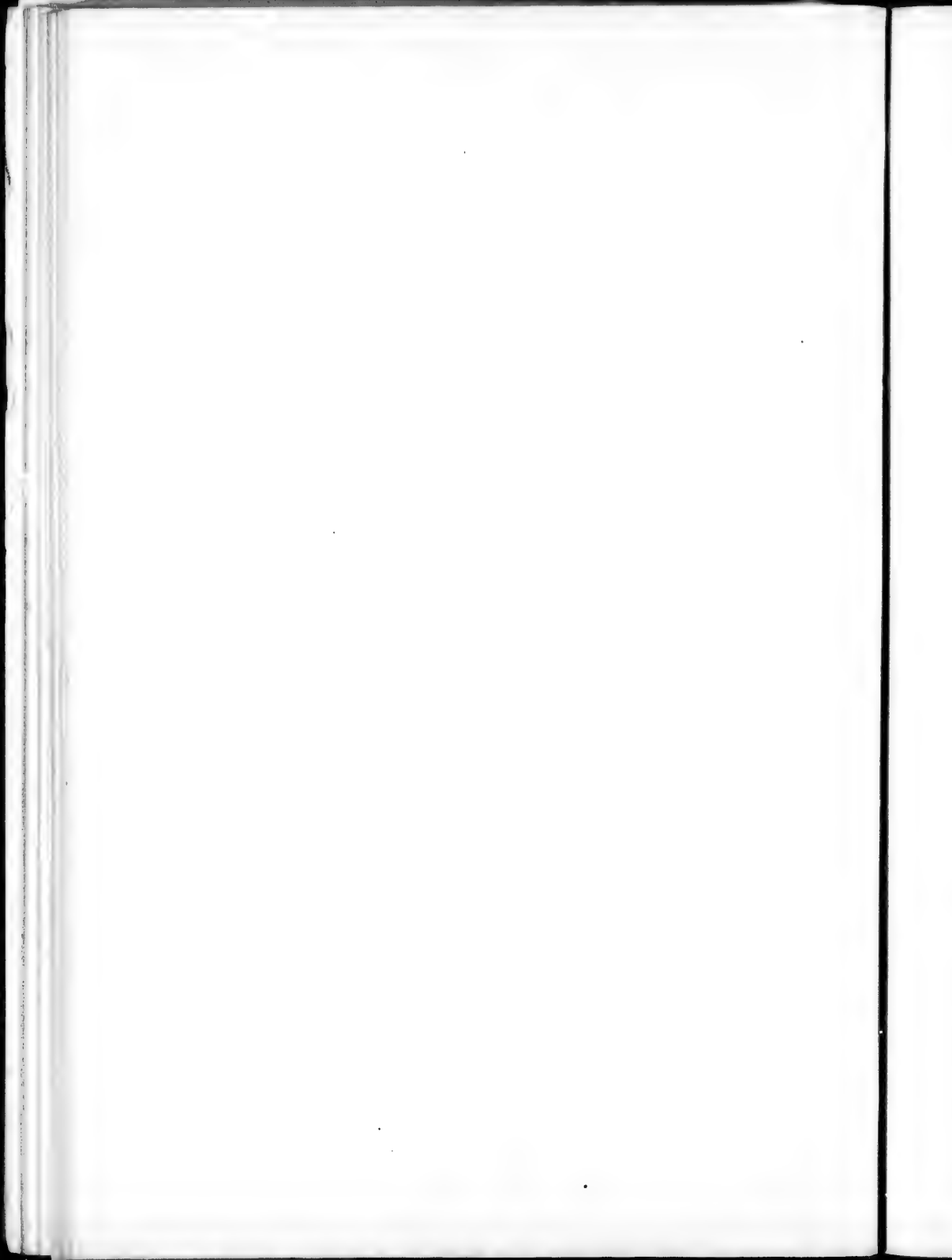
And here we humbly beg their pardon for vexing their righteous souls—beg pardon again, they say they hav'nt got any—of a notorious military gentleman in the United States with kith and kin, who, having a very earthly comfort themselves, make it a matter of having much conscience and coppers—not coppers sometimes—to go round taking away from those who have got nothing else, the only consolation they have—their belief in God and Heaven.

Take the case of that military Yankee gentleman, who, having discarded the Bible as uninteresting, devotes in his drawing room a special table to itself to

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

And when doing the honors to the visitors who come to his shrine, proudly he points to it and says :—

“This is my Bible.”



CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARSEE DIES.

"O the pain, the bliss of dying."

—M. Aurellus, per Pope.

My dear master failed rapidly.

Miss Olive—so far as I could observe, without seeming to observe grew more and more hysterical.

Sometimes I fancied she had been crying, sometimes she would break out into a fit of laughing, which, in cases like this, is so much more distressing than weeping and wailing.

But I seemed to live in a kind of dream.

I did my work, for he found me plenty to do. I tried to seem cheerful, as everyone should try to seem, in all circumstances, as a mere matter of plain good feeling to others.

And when a man really determines to seem cheerful, he finds, after a while, that he has actually been cheerful without intending it.

On the third day after Lili Yokr first sickened, his voice was so weak I had to stand close to his hammock to hear him. The doctor called, after the usual morning glass or two (or six or seven glasses) which tall-ended his breakfast.

"The patient's pulse," he said, "had entirely ceased beating," and the heart had almost ceased to act. "Beats me!" says he. "The sanguinary"—he didn't use the exact word "sanguinary,"—"little fool actually doesn't seem to know enuf to die. He ort to ha' been dead long ago, the blamed little cuss. Just like that dirty, foreign trash. If he doesn't die within half-an-hour, I'll just throw up the whole case," sez he.

"You just go and sober off," sez I, "and come and try him agin."

And he went and sobered off, and come and tried him agin. And again he said the werry same words.

The Parsee seemed to be in a sort of "comer," as the doctor called it, unable to hear or speak. They seem to call it a "comer," when their man becomes a "go-er," or a "gorner." But he beckoned to me and pointed to a Macaulay, which was on the bottom book-shelf, opened it, and made me read King Charles' spunky little dying flare-up, which always make me kinder like 'Im, tho' he was such an impudent humbug, coolly taking all that was said of the sufferings of the Lord's Anointed, to his own lying, selfish, or-tereratic, old self.

The speech I mean, which he begged pardon of the Lords in waiting, for what?—

"For being such an unseonable time in dying."

After a while he whispered to me to fetch the admiral and captain.

He was very fond of the Capt'n. For he was the best seaman on the ship, and my master always loved and respected the man who was master of his trade, be it cobbler, captain or carpenter, or even parson.

And our captain would stay for two or three weeks at a time in his cabin, either prayin', or playin' cribbage with the hadmiral—we never knew which, and so never could settle off the bets we laid about which it really was.

And then he would sally forth, and go the round of the ship, and show the officers how everything should have been done. For everything seemed to fail of being done into up the handle, though the hoficers of course, thort they knew everythink.

And he gave the captain his ship's chronometer, worth some £60 or £70, as his last dyin' gift, testament and testimonial. And he giv the hadmiral a copy of the "Rools and Regoolations of the service," in which he had underlined in red ink, with his own hand, all the hitems and particoolars in which they had been neglected or forgotten, and in every case to the disadvantage of us poor beggars before the mast. And then he sent for the doctor and the fat little big-bellied captain's cook, to hand them a leggysea he had already rit out for them, and to hear his last words. And then he made me draw back a heavy curtain he had to deaden the sound between his cabin and Major Angelo's. For with this curtain drawn back each could hear what was said in the other's cabin.

And I suppose this was to let the Major hear his last dying speech and confession, that the military gent might take warnin' by it, and mend his ways and give up his rantin', ragin', wicked ways of goin' on, a cursin' and a taggin' at Miss Olive, like a blasphemous, bellow-

ing bull o' Bashan, as he was, just as if she had been a collier's apprentice, instead of a saintly, sufferin' angel like Jephthah's Daughter, a bewailing her Wirginity on the quarter-deck.

Well, there was the doctor. You know all about 'im.

And the cook, he was a regular pirate too, not fit to cook boillin' water. And he used to get t' s from the butchers not to condemn their beastly beef, all bone and bristle, short weight, and as stringy as chaffing gear. And he used to cheat the men out of their coffee groun's, and keep 'em for his own greasy, fat stomach, which seemed able to digest anything.

Well, the Parsee has a chair put for 'em, one on each side of his hammock.

And the doctor he brazens it out as bold as brass.

But the cook he sets a cold-sweatin', and a treablin', and a eyeing the electric light that dazzled out of the holler sockets of the eyes of the grinnin' gaping skull.

For our coffee groun's was a weighling a evvy on his stummick.

And the Parsee after a long silence, he beckons 'em to stand up, and then he takes 'old of their hands, one with his left on the left side of the hammock, and the other with his right, and on the right side of the hammock.

And he sez, clear and distinct as a bell, suddinly and quite loud :-

" Now, I die happy, like your prophet Jesus Christ, atween two thieves ! "

And they both turns tail, and scoots from the room as if the deaf eel was after them.

And I fancied I 'erd Miss Olive's silvery larf in the next cabin. For wen she did larf, she did larf, long and loud and whole-souled like a jewel of a daisy as she was.

Now, Tom Plainsailing was a good fellow at heart ; as good as duff.

It touched him to the quick that a fellow whose life was all plain sailing—with liberality, loving-kindness and self-sacrifice thrown in—should go straight to blazes like a sky-rocket, upside down. Like a wise man he determined to sit right down and smoke it over, slowly and deliberately.

And he guv up a whole two hours dog watch to it, with two spitters, one on each side of him—none of your puny spittoons, spit boxes, or cuspidors, but a good full-sized man-o'-war spitter, big enough to bathe a baby in. And he smoked two pipes at once, for it was a solemn occasion.

And the conclusion he came to was, that he couldn't come to no conclusion at all.

And so he invited all the Methodiesses on board, to "A General Conference." And they resolved to hold a regular revival over the dyin' pagan, with a anxious bench, flaring lights, a hot room tightly packed, and all the other parinfernalities.

And they asked my opinion. And I said that :—

"In a werry pious book I had red aloud to my master," I did not say it was Sint Augustin, for a fear o' rousin' innerisent predjerdisse — "that it sed, that the Lord 'could will all things, but that one thing He willed, was not to save a man without his own co-operation and consent;—it wasn't perlite."

"And so I would ask the Parsee's leave and free permission first before we rewived him." And he told me to tell 'em that

"It would be rather more to the purpose to rewive him after he was dead."

And I heard Miss Olive's silvery laugh throo the partition as he said so.

Poor girl ! Daft ! Clear daft !

And then they asked him if he would receive a deputation.

And he said "Yes."

And Tom Plainsailing appointed himself a deputation.

And he went, 'im book in ore 'and, and three-quarters of a Bible in the other. For he had thumbed his Bible right throo Genesis into Deuteronomy.

And he waved his arms, 'im book, three-quarters of a Bible and all, and he thundered out :—

"Dyln' and impenitent sinner ! Do u kno, do u kno, the difference between the Now and the Hereafter ?"

And my dyin' master raised himself in his hammock and whispered in my ear, I roarin' out the words as they fell from his lips, to Tom, so as to touch, maybe, the Major's 'ard 'art right throo the partition.

"Stranger !

Air this a time ?

Air this a place ?

To ask a cuss couundrums ?"

But, alas ! the major's 'art was not touched, for he broke out into a ejaculatin' his dorter's eyes, and dorter's liver, all "Akos she interrupted the readin' of the Evening Service to him, with her ridleckerlus and uncalled for larfter."

N.B.—The Major was a little 'ard o' 'earin, and could not hear what was sed thro' the partition, tho' his dorter could.

And the Chaplain of the Fleet,—“The crowin', comical old rooster,” as Tom Plainsailin' called 'im,—had happened to read Fred. R. Robertson's sermon on “The Relijius Non-Observance of the Sabbath,” and, fired by it, determined to save a brand from the burning, and a sole from being briled.

And he primed hisself to make 'im fervent, and he said :—

“O lost and impenitent sinner ! O heathen, pagan and cannibal ! Excuse me, sir,” he said, softly, a interruptin' himself, for he was a gentleman at heart :—

Excuse me, sir ! but are you a cannibal ? ”

And my master feebly whispered into my ear :—

“Christians, sir, are sometimes said to live off one another, and Christian merchants to gobble one another up.”

And I roars out loud as through a speaking trumpet.

“Christians sometimes gobble one another up.”

And again a seemin' 'arty larf from Miss Olive rung throo the partition.

Poor thing ! Poor thing !

“Christians eat one another ! ” roared the Rooster. U're an unprincipled haythen to say so. O brand for the burnin' ! O sole for the broilin' ! Aren't you afeard to die.”

And the Parsee faintly but audibly gasped, “I'm blowed if I am.”

And I roars out :—

“I'm blowed if I am.”

“Oh ! my liver and lights ! Oh ! tare and 'ounds and blazes,” roars the Rooster.

For, dividin' his life between lushing in Ireland when ashore, and serving Her Majesty when afloat, he had naturally picked up a few Hibernian as well as nautical explosives.

Oh ! my liver and lights ! Oh ! my stummick and wind pipe ! The little haythen ain't afraid to die.”

“Why should I be ? suddenly says the Parsee, quite loud and distinct.

“Why ? ” thunders the Rooster, “why not ? ”

“Which is the stronger ? ” asks my master, “the Lord or the Devil ? ”

“Why, the Lord of course,” sez the Chaplain.

"Then," gasps the Parsee, and I roared out the words as he said 'em :-

"Then when I die," whispers he.

"When I die," roars I.

"I'll just lie on the fence," sez he.

"I'll just lie on the fence," roars I.

"I'll say 'Pull Lord, Pull Divil,'" sez he.

"I'll say 'Pull Lord,' 'Pull Divil,'" roars I.

"And if the Lord is the strongest," sez he.

"And if the Lord is the strongest," roars I.

"Bully for me!" sez he.

"Bully for me!" roars I.

And again Miss Olive's harf, rung throo the partition, as clearly and sanely as if she was not irresponsible and crazed with anxious love.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

But the chaplain, he rushes out o' the cabin, as mad as the sign o' the Mad Bull, and tears along the main deck, a wavin' his arms as if he was a tryin' to stop a locomstif, and a kickin' the spitters to right and left, as he rushed along.

It must ha' been mity 'ard on his boots.

And soon after, I came in and found my master with his face turned to the wall, and he covered his 'ed with the long flowing robe of mystic white samite, that he 'ad over 'im.

And I feels his 'art and it had stopped beatin'.

And I put a mirror to his mouth, and there was no breath.

And I went out, for darkness seemed the right and sacred thing for me.

And yet I kep' my 'art up as he told me. For I seemed in a clud of dream.

And Miss Olive 'erd me go out, and didn't 'ear me come back agin. For I came back softly to put out that ghostly electric light, a grinning from those there eye-balls in that there skull.

For soon she came in with that angel smile on her lips, like poor Ophelia, a throwin' flowers on Hamlet's grave, and sayin' :-

"Sweets to the sweet."

For my master had often made me read this passage in "Hamlet," to him. He often said they were the sweetest words ever penned by mortal man.

For he kind er identified Ophella with Miss Olive, and once he made me write in pencil on the back of her seat in the chains :—

"Nymph ! in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

And I thort that prettier than "Sweets to the Sweet," which always reminded me of bulls-eyes.

Well, as I said, Miss Olive came a stealin' in with her graceful walk, like Milton's angels.

"Smooth motion without step."

And she larfed, poor girl, instead o' crying, as she ort to have done. For, nigger or no nigger, she must ha' known he loved her.

And she laid a kind of wreath with letters on it on the ghostly white shroud, a lying so close and fitting so glove-like to his poor limbs.

And blest if the words on the wreath weren't the name and title of a Spanish nobleman,

DON KEY.

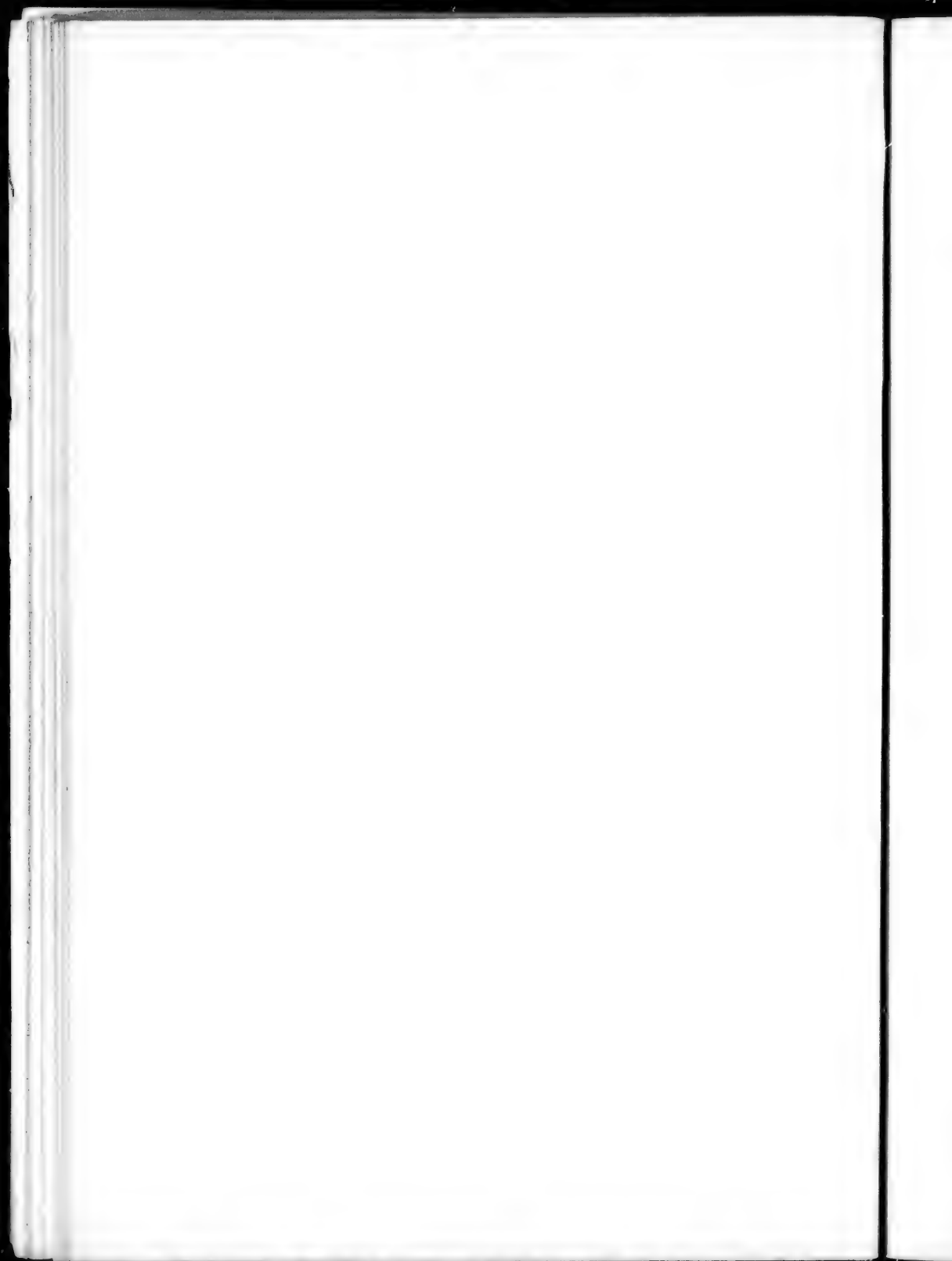
And then the flood-gates of her maidenly reserve gave way.

For, finding herself so close to him, touching the comely face and feeling the breath of one, whom it seemed, she loved so well, she just in-armed him, hugged his lips to hers, and imprinted on them a quick, flowing tide of hot, fruitful kisses, "quick as autumn rains flash in the pools of whirling Simois." And then she rushed from the cabin, with downcast eyes, her cheeks aflame, and yet with an exulting look as if the desire of her life was crowned at last.

And when she had gone, and I had stepped a tip-toe, and closed the door and turned to come back to re-arrange the corpse. Blessed.

If that there wreath didn't a 'ft me in the hl, and then I see the little cus, his legs a dangling down from his hammock, and his eyes dancing with kingly merriment, and he sez, sez he :—

"Guess its time this little farce was over. Three square meals a day, of navy bisket and raw salt junk, is getting kinder monor-tunus."



CHAPTER XV.

THE SKELETON SHIP.

"The many men so beautiful,
 And they all dead did lee!
 And a thousand slimy things
 Lived on, and so did he."—Raven.
 —Colridge's "Ancient Mariner."

When we got to Vancouver, the Major found himself so very comfortable in the Vancouver Hotel there, that he determined to stay there a week or two before going to Montreal.

And what does my gentleman do, but hires a full-rigged three-masted ship—none of your little fisherman's smacks, with no quarter-deck to walk on, but only a fore'sl with "3-steps-and-a-jump-and-then-overboard,"—but a regular three-master.

She was the "Sir John Moore," of London, No. 2002 in the old or Marryatt's code of Signal Flags.

And he charts her to sail round Nusquam Island. What no one had ever done before, and reported home safe.

And when the Major heard that the trip was a perilous one, he insisted on a goin' too. And there he was with Miss Olive in the best cabins, well found and everythink, and walking about the ship as if he was Lord 'I Admiral, and too proud to speak to the Parsee who paid for everythink.

Why on yarth my Master wood hinsist on shipping Jo Raven, whom we nicknamed Bubs, as first mate, I dono. For he was universally and ten&coffectotally hated and detested aboard the "Canada."

All acoz he didn't worship Miss Olive, as the rest of us did.

Well, we sights Nusquam Island, in Latitood 55° 36' North, Longitood 136° 55' West.

And we noses our way cautiously round it, about 2 mile from land, —in about 40 fathom water—wind stillish and off shore,—the armature of the deep-sea-lead showing shingle strewed with immense boulders and precipitous rocks—all hands on deck—boats in davits ready stored and ready to launch—deep sea lead going all the time like blazes.

All of a suddint! a current catches her, and turns her nose sharp towards shore, a pointing to a steep, high cliff, which bowed inwards and withdrew into the land, sort of horse-shoe shape.

And then about a mile from shore, all of a suddint! the wind and sails drop, and blest if she doesn't stand stock still in about 30 fathom o' water, which was as clear as glass and blue-blazes, her bow-sprit almost touching the cliff, which was about as high as Cape Eternity on the Saguenay.

Well, as I was a sayin', the Parsee was a standin' by the captain a whisperin' the orders to him, all hands being piped.

"Launch the life-boat," he roars, "Man her, Mr. Raven, Parsee's wally and starboard watch!"

Now the little divil had had Chips make a sort of wooden box or shaft, shaped so-fashion, as I'm goin' to tell you:—

It was $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch deal, and 4x2x2 feet, leaded round the bottom, and there was a hole sawed out of the top, just big enuf to hold a man's mug, face downward.

It's what the fishers use off St. John, Newfoundland, to see if there's good fishin' below, and calls a spy-box.

And the men, some on 'em, thort it was for stickin' his 'ed into, when he was agoin' to say his prayers to the Japancee Sea-devils, and some on 'em thort the Japancee sailors used 'em to spue down. And so we christened it a spue-pipe.

And we mans the life-boat, and we cruises round the ship, the Parsee looking down the spy-bucket every time he bids us "easy all," and "hold water." And when we had shifted our berth a little, two or three times, he takes a long look down the spy-bucket, and sez he:—

"Mr. Drysdale," says he, "will you please to look down 'ear."

And I look down accordin', and my 'air stands up on end, pretty well purp-an-dickerler, all over me, like a porky pines' bristles.

For what do I see!

A ship! Its werry name,—the "Jo Raven," of Quebec—as plain as a pike staff on her bows.

And it was wedged atween two rocks—masts purp-an-dickerler, bolt upright—sails rotted long ago and gone to blue blazes. The boats were in the davits, the falls all taut. For their cords had shrunk, owing to the workin' of the sea water on the hemp they were made of.

And on the shrouds were the skeletons of 4 seamen, who had been drowned like puppies in the wery act of running up the main rigging to furl the mains'l.

And the skipper's skeleton was a floatin' from the mast-head, feet, legs, and stern side up, caught by his lower jaw.

I meann by what was now his lower jaw, but which had been his chin when it hitched on in the truck halyards.

He had had a cork jacket, put on no ways, in a hurry, on him. And it had dropt down about his feet, and hoisted his feet uppermost, 'eels over'ed, in the water, so that his 'ed had gone down, and his chin had caught.

And when I had looked, and looked, and looked, and giv over, the Parsee sez, sez 'e :—

Mr. Raven would u please to look down there."

And Bubs, as we could 'im, looked down there.

And the Parsee sez, sez 'e :—

Mr. Raven, would u mind a takin' the rudder-lines and a steerin' back to the ship."

And then he up and sez, "It's the first time I ever ear 'im talk so fashion, in a vise o' a ruder, like a rantin', ragin', roarin', rayin', blasphemous, bellowin' bull o' Bashan, as he wasn't :—

"That ship," roars 'e, "was the "Jo Raven," of Quebec, so named after the proper-rioter."

She was loaded with pig iron, and over insured at Lloyds', and the pig iron was all sold at Vancouver on the sly, and the ship loaded with stones from some island near, as is shown by there bein' some wisible on her werry decks. I read all about it in the papers at the time, only they didn't know about the stones. That was never found out till this werry mint. The owner, Mr. Raven's father chartered her, with 'imself for skipper. And he meant to sink her. So he kept a cork jacket always at hand, and the boats ready vittled, in the davits. The men thort he was half a land lubber and coward crazy.

And when she reached Longitood 136° 55' West, and Latitood 55° 36' North, the current catches her 'ed and carries her reit in this werry identical spot.

She ear runs her bow against that eer rock, for she hadn't two cannon balls a dragging against the bottom as I have. And no wind ever blows ear, any more 'n it doz at St. Pie, 2 miles from Yamaska Mountain, where my friend Mr. Charles Gibb tear 'e takes off his 'at, and looks upards, and pauses a minit used to live when alive. The lay of the land there is exactly the same,—with some little difference,—there, as it is ear. In fac', if there is any difference atween 'em, they are both alike."

And the hand of God, for what else did it, jobs her right down to this ear berth, atween two rocks, which seem just made to grip and dry dock her, ship-shape and all snug on the bottom, like the drowned city in the Mediterranean. And the sailors hadn't cork

And it slipt down to his feet, when the ship went down, and he was a strugglin' at the bottom of the wort'. And his chin seems to have jammed in the truck halyards, so he jerked upwards, stern side up, towards the top o' the water. And he was drowned all along with the rest.

And Jo Raven's partner, the other proper-rioter, draws the insurance money and drinks hisself to death with it to the devil.

For he catches fire, some how, one night, asleep, drunk, in his chair, a tumbler o' brandy in his 'and.

And the way he made the first money which built her, was about the blackest and most dastardly act of dirty treachery to a man's best friends, ever known in the whole black history o' Christian Commerce.

For he gets his friends to join him in running a line o' ships straight from Canada to England, just as a sort of patriotic move. So as to be able to say that Canada didn't ship all her goods in Yankee bottoms. And he never squares accounts with his friends, but allus made out that the line was a payin' nothink. And so he quietly bort up all the shares for nothink. And then when he had all the shares, it turned out that the line had been a payin' like anythink.

"And the curse of God," ear he looked upwards, as he allus did when he said the word "God."

"And the curse o' God seems to have rested on the whole family. Do n recollect Jesse Sinclair who committed suicide at the Shelterin' Ome, Montreal, Mr. Raven?"

Now a Gaelic sailor 'ad christened 'im Turgy, for it is the cursedest term of abuse in the Gaelic lingo, and the name stuck.

This name Turge soon turned into Turkey. Then we called him Bubbly-jock, which of course became Bubs. Thughe or Bubs turned deadly pale, and when we reached the side, we had to help him up the ladder, and put 'im in his berth. And at 8 bells in the mornin', the 2nd mate, who had kept the mornin' watch, reports to the skipper :—

"If you please, sir, first mate a missin', sir. Must a jumped over-board in the night, sir, if you please, sir."

And we looks down the Parsee's spue-pipe, and we sees his bloom-in' body a floatin' 'eels up in 20 fathom water. For he had fouled with the skeleton of his father, Jo Raven, of Quebec. And his legs had got cort in this ear skipper's cork jacket.

And my master sees that Miss Olive heard tell of none of these things. She thort it was a mere pleasure trip, and she was as happy as a basket full of devils as long as she was near him, tho' they never said a word to one another. Eyes talk.

And a basket full of devils is wery 'appy indeed.

And for why ?

A cos misery loves company.

And when Miss Olive gets back to Vancouver with all of us, the first thing she and the Major finds on their cabin tables, is a copy of the Montreal "Witness."

And conspicu-us on the werry first page, in big size type, is the following little poem.

TO OLIVE.

No action that is true and fair,
Can vanish into empty air.

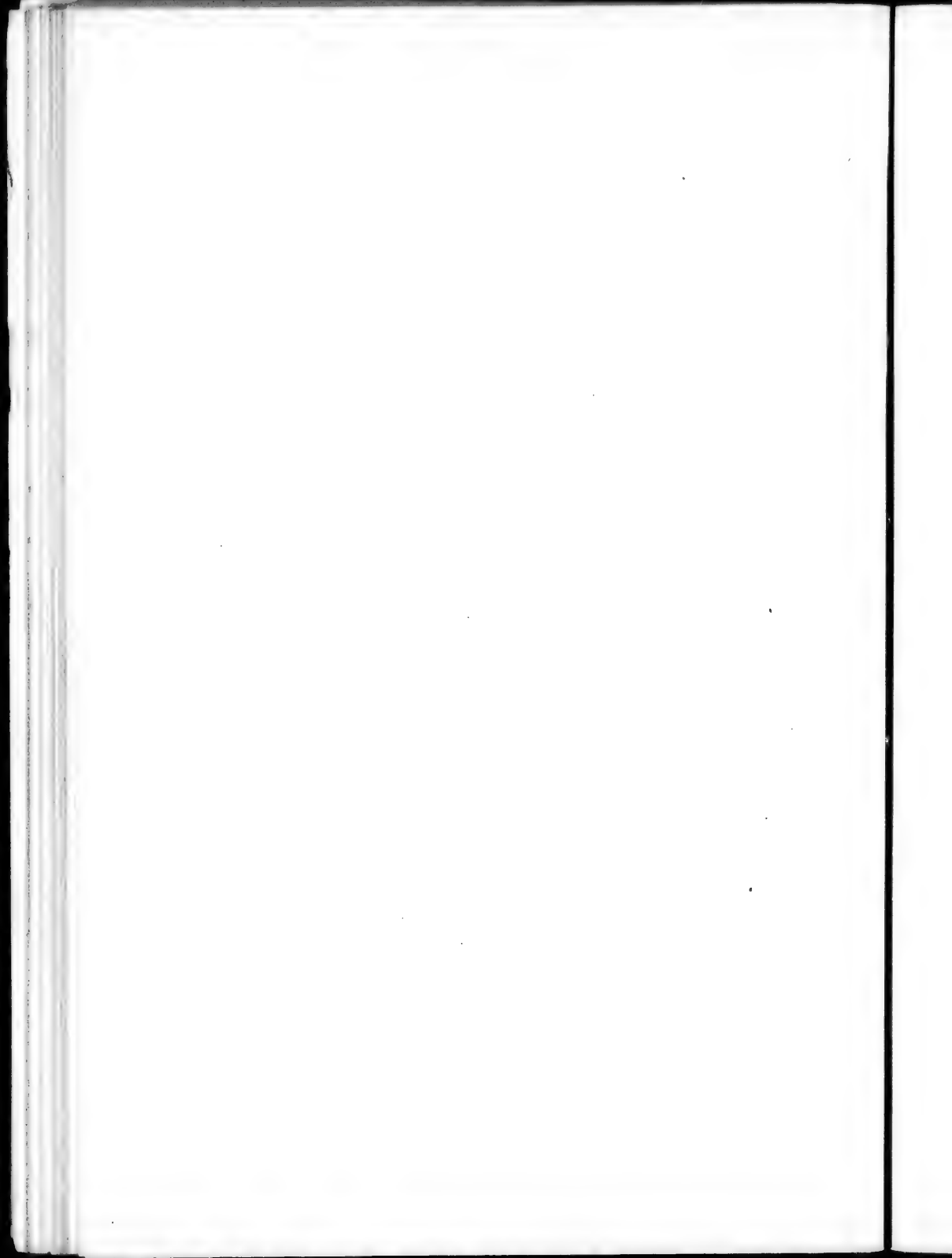
No !

Incorporate in some loving heart,
Incorporate a very part—

A quickening germ—a vital seed—
It moulds emotion, word and deed,
Begetting other acts of love,
Until the chain shall end above.

So, Olive, when the earthly clay,
That shrines thy soul, shall pass away,
Immortal fragrance stays behind,
For naught can mar the good and kind.

And the Major thort it a remarkable coincidence that the poem should be 'edded with the name of his werry own identicall daughter.



CHAPTER XVI.

HEAVEN.

From Vancouver we reached Montreal, and put up at the Turkish Bath Hotel, and happened, by a miraculous accident, to have assigned to us a suite of rooms under Major Angelo's.

And the Parsee soon made friends in the most natural way in the world with Maggie, and Nellie, and Minnie, and all the nicest hand-maidens in the house. He had a curious way—the touch-stone of a true, bred-in-the-bone gentleman,—of being equally at home, and equally courteous, lovable, dignified and natural, with the richest of the rich, and the poorest of the poor. I believe he would, in a few minutes be on friendly terms with a cannibal, while being made ready himself to be made into pie.

And as, in the course of our long voyage, he had given me not only a fair insight into English literature,—under the show of getting me to read the tid-bits of its masterpieces aloud to him—but also a good smattering of botany, I was soon able on a hint from him to make friends with one of the finest body of men in the world—the Montreal Gardeners.

In grateful exchange and fair return for plants from Japan, they gave us their very choicest blossoms. We could get from them such marvellous roses as never reach the market, being too sparse bloomers to pay commercially. I mean such as the Paul Neron, which is 5 inches across!

Futtonias and such like, at times we got, and now and then a \$2 spray of orchis, just fading on the air-hung plant; and once a Streptolizia or Bird of Paradise plant, and a Peristère Alata, with its veritable snowy, Dove-like Peace at the bottom of the nectary-cup. Of course, they all found their way to Major Angelo's room, and the old Major never smelt a rat, but thort they were all spontaneous offerings from the rich citizens of Montreal to himself, as being the most

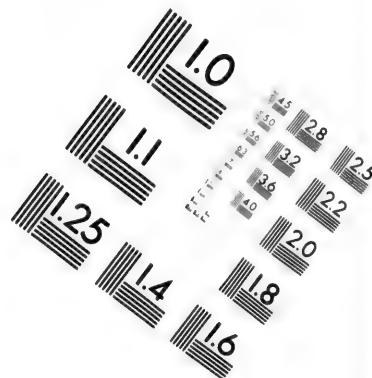
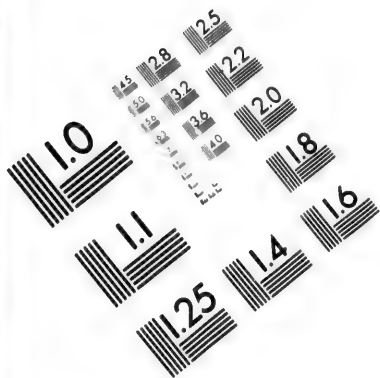
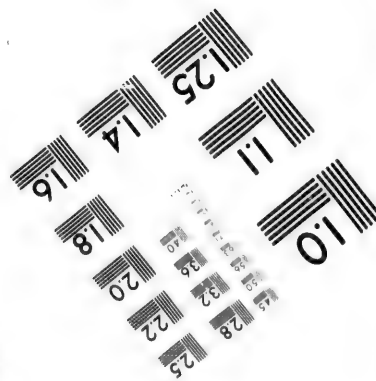
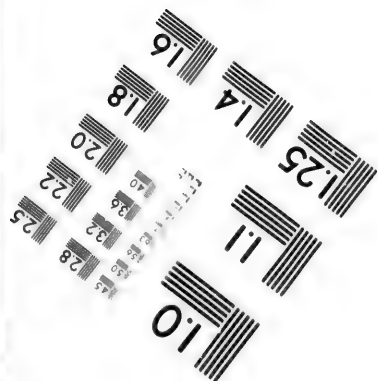
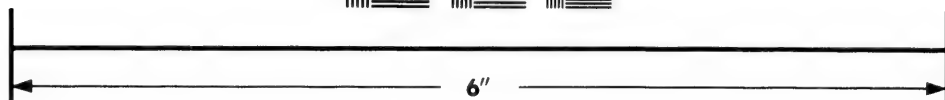
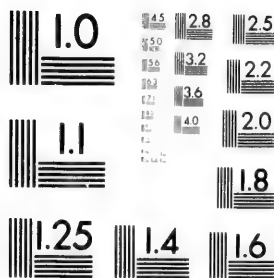


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legless representative of Her Majesty's Forces in the Dominion of Canada.

And my master sat at table where he could see Miss Olive, unseen by her. And he still fed and feasted on her beauty, and thus grew handsomer himself every day. And as often as he could do so without its being conspicuous, he followed her to places of entertainment, that he might see her in her comely, modest high dress, with its graceful, flowing drapery of coy and snowy white.

For Minnie, who tended the Major's room, always mentioned accidentally, in his or my hearing, when and where he was going to take her to concert, opera, or play.

For the Major said that people of social standing should always, as a duty, patronize Oratorios, the classic Operas, and the legitimate drama. For he said that if decent people, like himself, made a point of patronizing such things, and froze out the Yankee sewerage, the theatre would refine, elevate and educate the nation, instead of making it contemptible and rotten, as he said it had helped to do in the United States.

And one notable night we went to the Queen's. At that delightful little theatre, there are, on the left hand side as you face the stage, three open boxes, which project into the body of the theatre like a triple balcony, without roof or anything over them. My master, Lill Yokr, sent me to secure the northern-most of the three, which was therefore the furthest of the three from the footlights. We were a quietly dressed, but intensely happy party. For theatre going is the rarest treat to those who go but rarely. There was Minnie, Nellie, and Nellie's brother Fitz, and honest, stolid John, our favorite of the lot.

It was an opera—"Don Giovanni." Don Giovanni is the most beautiful music ever written. It is, therefore, of course, very seldom presented to an American audience.

Ella Walker, Canada's Missel-thrush, even surpassed herself, and the attention of the audience was rivetted on the stage, as the valet unrolled the six-foot-long list he had made out of Don Giovanni's sweet hearts, when

LO !

a military oath from the Major, as Olive instinctively rose to her feet, finding herself enveloped in flames.

The Major had dropped his box of fuses.

Olive had stepped on it.

The fire caught her floating semi-transparent drapery. It had not been dipped in alum water, as everything of such a nature, (especially the skirts of ballet dancers) as long as such abominations last, should be, for all who have conscientious objections to being burnt alive.

In a flash, my dear master, whose eyes in his quiet corner were as much on Olive as on the stage, and who was always as gaunt as a greyhound, and as spry as a wild cat, planted his right foot on the edge of the box, leaping, he let his left foot touch, and taking a spring from the back of a chair of a lady in the intermediate box, and before his Mistress could raise a cry, he had her in his arms.

Instinctively he dragged her to the back of the box, to withdraw her from the gaze of the audience, and he seemed almost to take a pleasure in the burning pain, as he extinguished the fire with his arms and loving hands.

And she, the reserved one, the icy model of propriety, so good to the poor.

Alas! the flood-gates of her maiden coyness and icy dignity, gave way at last.

She flung her arms round his neck, and alternately kissed him and cuddled her loving head on his shoulder.

"Damp it!" said the Major—and as the recording angel wrote down the oath, he "blotted it out with a tear."

"Damp it, sir!" cried the Major (enunciating the word "damp" with a silent p), "I've found a braver man than myself.

To say nothing of his being unable to do the trick with my two wooden legs.

"You saved her life," he cries, "And the very light and angel of my life. And if you care to, sir, you shall have her, and I'll make the hussy marry you whether she wants to or not."

Well, the little devil just whispered in her ear, "Next Wednesday week at Cote St. Antoine." For that was the church the Major and my Master always attended. And her loving eyes looked coyly, "yes."

And my master slips back into his own box by the curtains, for the Queen's is one of the quickest theatres in the world to escape from in case of fire.

And the audience, who, by this time had woke up to what had happened, rose to their feet and cheered like one man. And the

little Devil, for he never forgot his diviltry, whatever happened, whispered a word in John Storey's ear. And John goes to the front of the box in his dress coat and boiled shirt, and bows his acknowledgments, a grinnin' like the mischief. And all but the Major and Miss Olive herself, thort it was John who had done the trick, and they yells like mad. And we gets up a subscription and testimonial for John, and the Parsee heads it with a five-pun note, and John gives the Money to the Country Home, Longue Pointe—perhaps the handsomest Palace for the Poor in the world, and the best administered.

And so they were married, for the more Olive pleaded for delay and time to think over the matter, the more the Major, who was terribly peppery, insisted on their hurryin' up before (whatever was left of him) might die, and give the little hussy a chance of slipping out of doing what he wanted her to do, whether she wanted to or not.

And after marriage, this was the palace he took her home to.

For he had been working at it, and getting people to take shares in it ever since he came to Montreal.

The People's Palace, Montreal.

In the basement was a bath, which, in the winter, was used for a skating and curling rink. And this was rented to a man to make as much out of it as he could ;—whereby he got as many people to use it as possible—which was what we wanted.

And on the ground floor was a refreshment hall, where there was music or singing every evening, to empty the taverns.

And at the back of this hall was a row or two of tables for smokers, so arranged and ventilated, that no suspicion of smoke ever reached the rest of the audience.

And on the flat above this, was a free public lending-library. This more than paid its own way, as the librarian kept the 100 best books in the world in stock, and he got all he could to buy them. And he procured any other book ordered, and sold stationery, &c. He had also a labor department, to bring workmen needing places, and employers needing workmen, to meet one another. For this he charged a small commission.

The library was so arranged that it could be used of an evening for meetings and lectures, and rented to the highest bidders for services of a Sunday.

And there were rooms able to be partitioned off with Japanese paper screens, and paper party walls, for cards, or chess, or the game of nine men morris.

And the top floor was a gymnasium, also rentable, used for an evening lodge, and other meetings, like the library.

And in a little house adjacent, were two little rooms and two only, and a roof garden, if you please, for Mr. and Mrs. Parsee, and sleeping rooms for the employees and table maidens at the Palace.

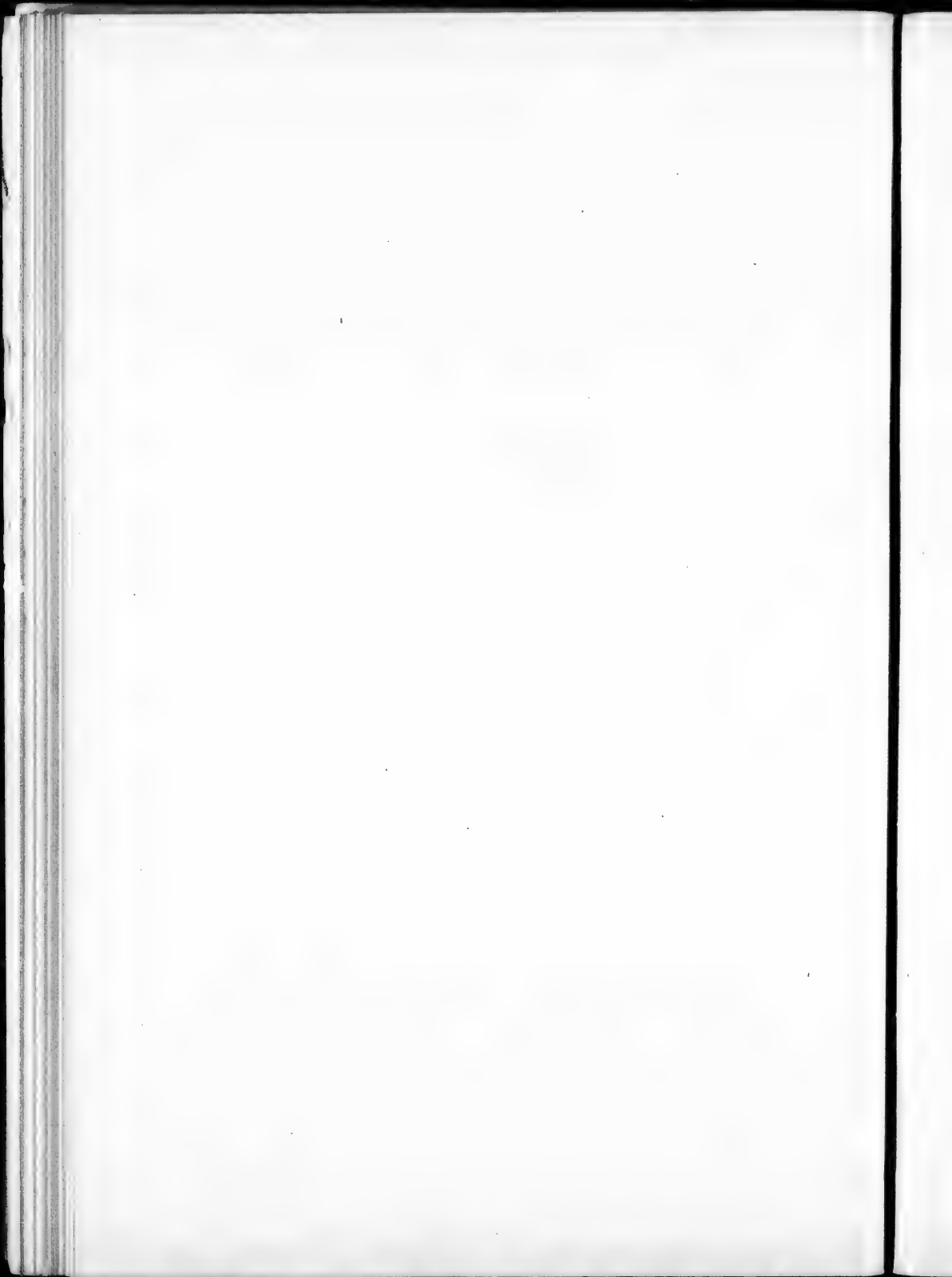
And Olive became a sister and angel of mercy, and minister of grace to them, and any girl fallen, or unfallen, who came there, was raised in every way for life—perhaps for a series of lives.

And Olive had a happy family of 20 or 30 babies at hospital and creche.

And they had no children of their own. For my master, Lidl Yokr, said :—" He didn't want any little mottled brown and white beggars trapesing round the house, like brown and white cakes o' soap, or a dappled pony at a circus.

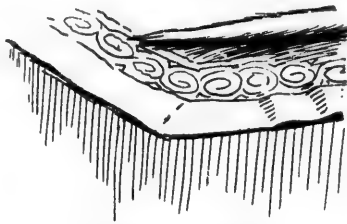
And they lived happy ever after.

THE END.

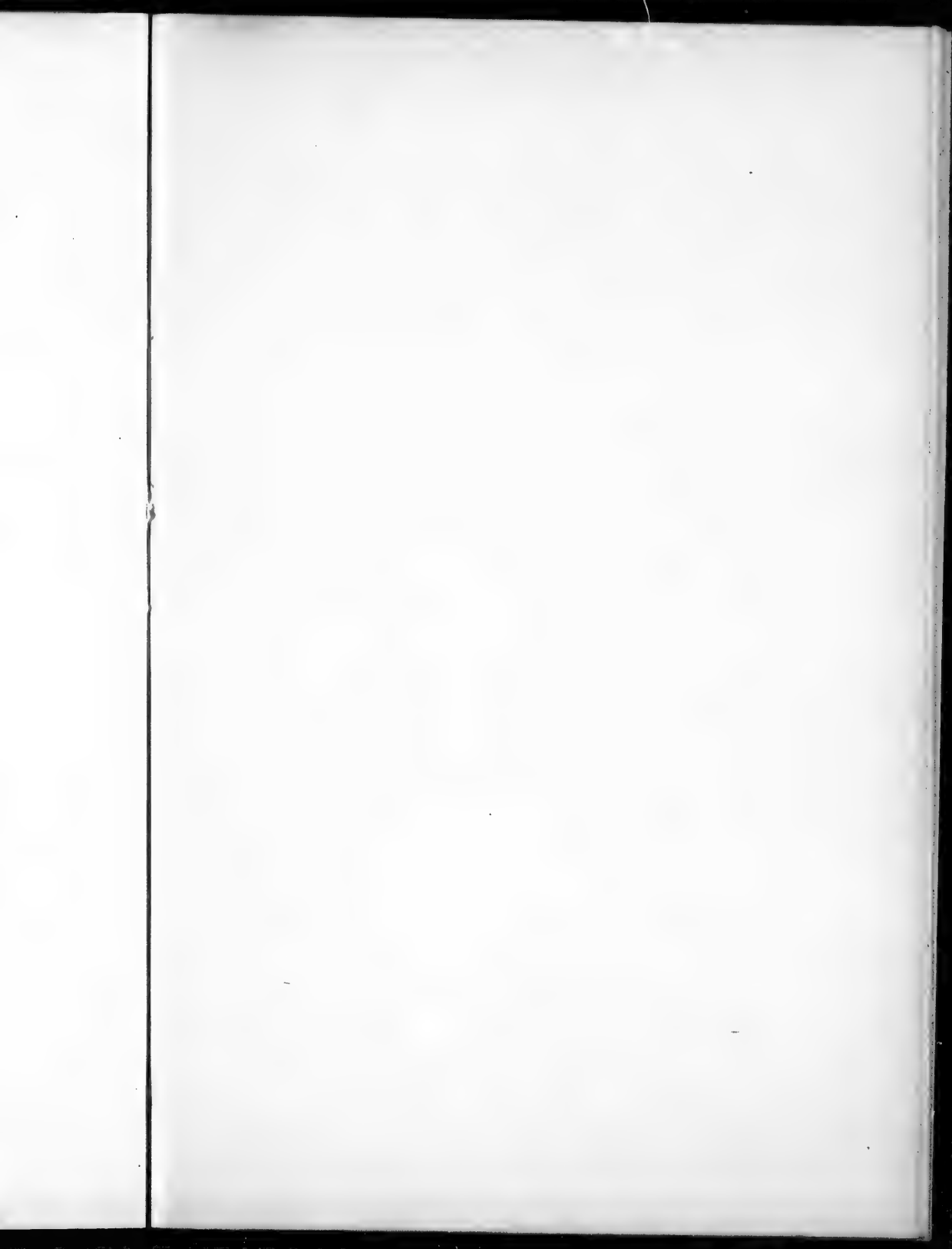


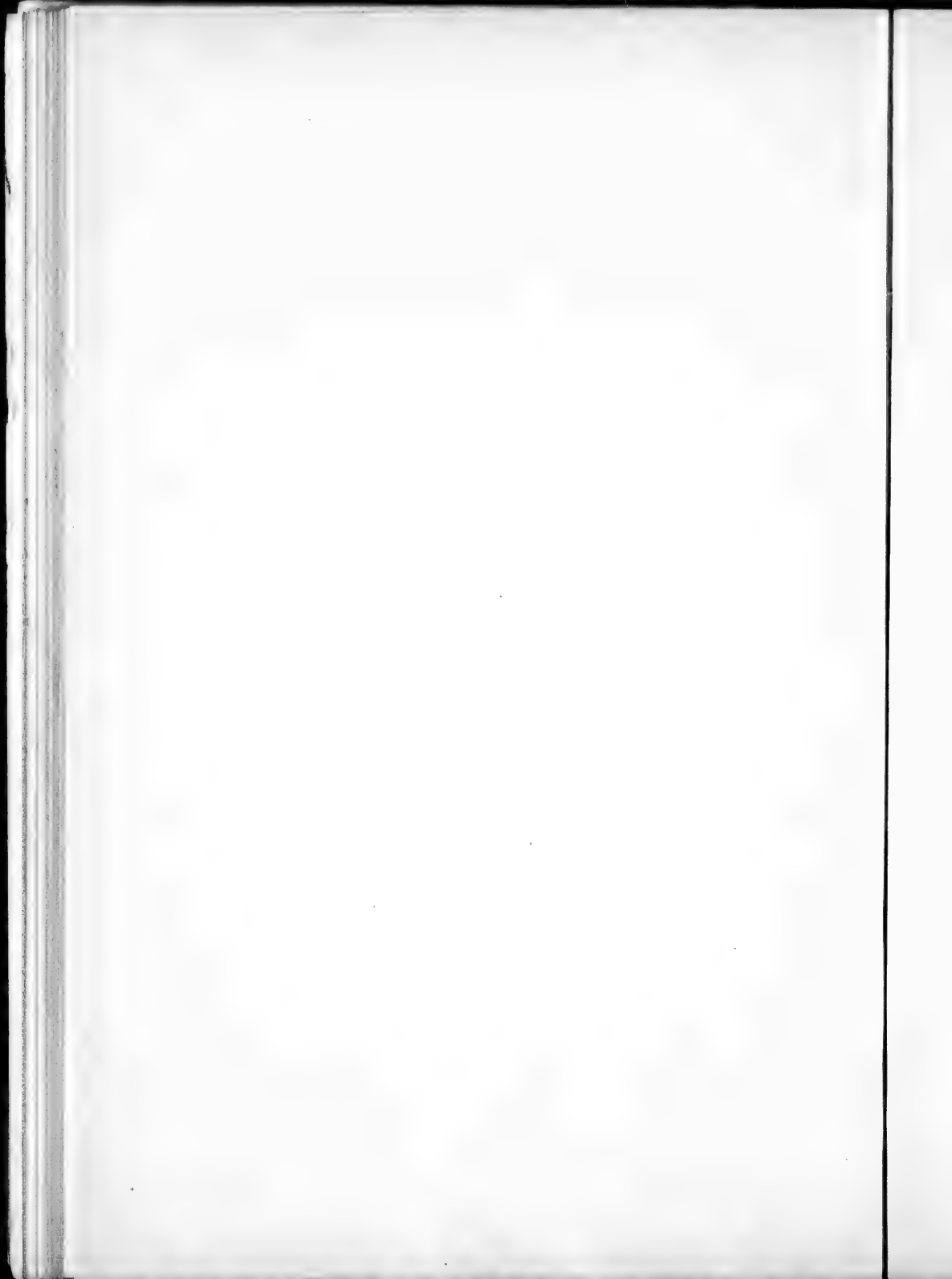
CHAPTER XVII.

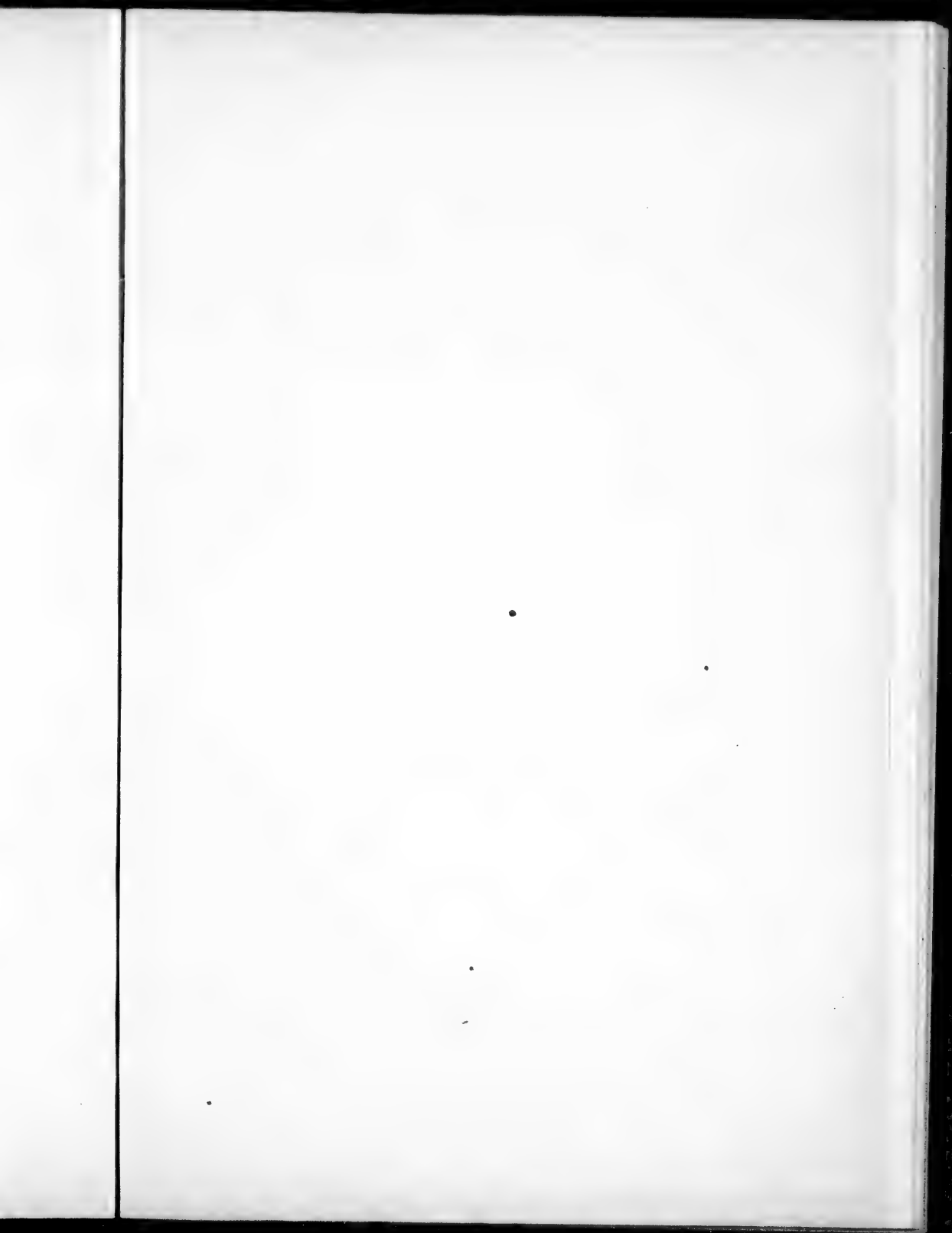
WHAT THE PARSEE AND LAZARUS TOLD OF THEIR
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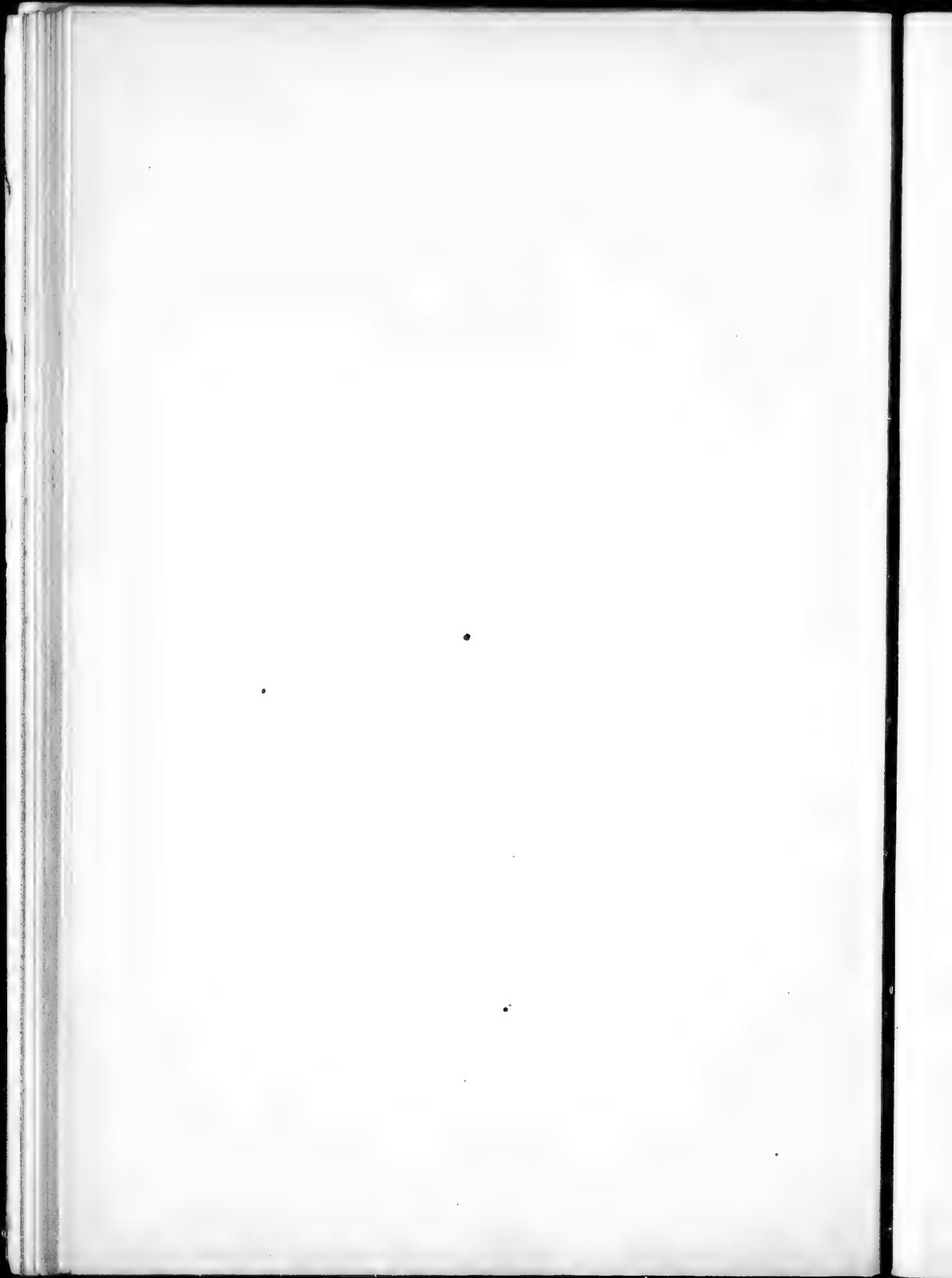


HERE THE TAIL ENDS.









"And if any of you be consulted by his parishioners on cases of conscience, he may do well to consult *Jeremy Taylor's Ductor Dubitantium*, in 10 Folio Volumes."

JACOBSON.

CHAPTER O.

HINTS ON HAPPINESS.

The main thing that Xtians—so-called—seem to do after they are married is to make their wives miserable.

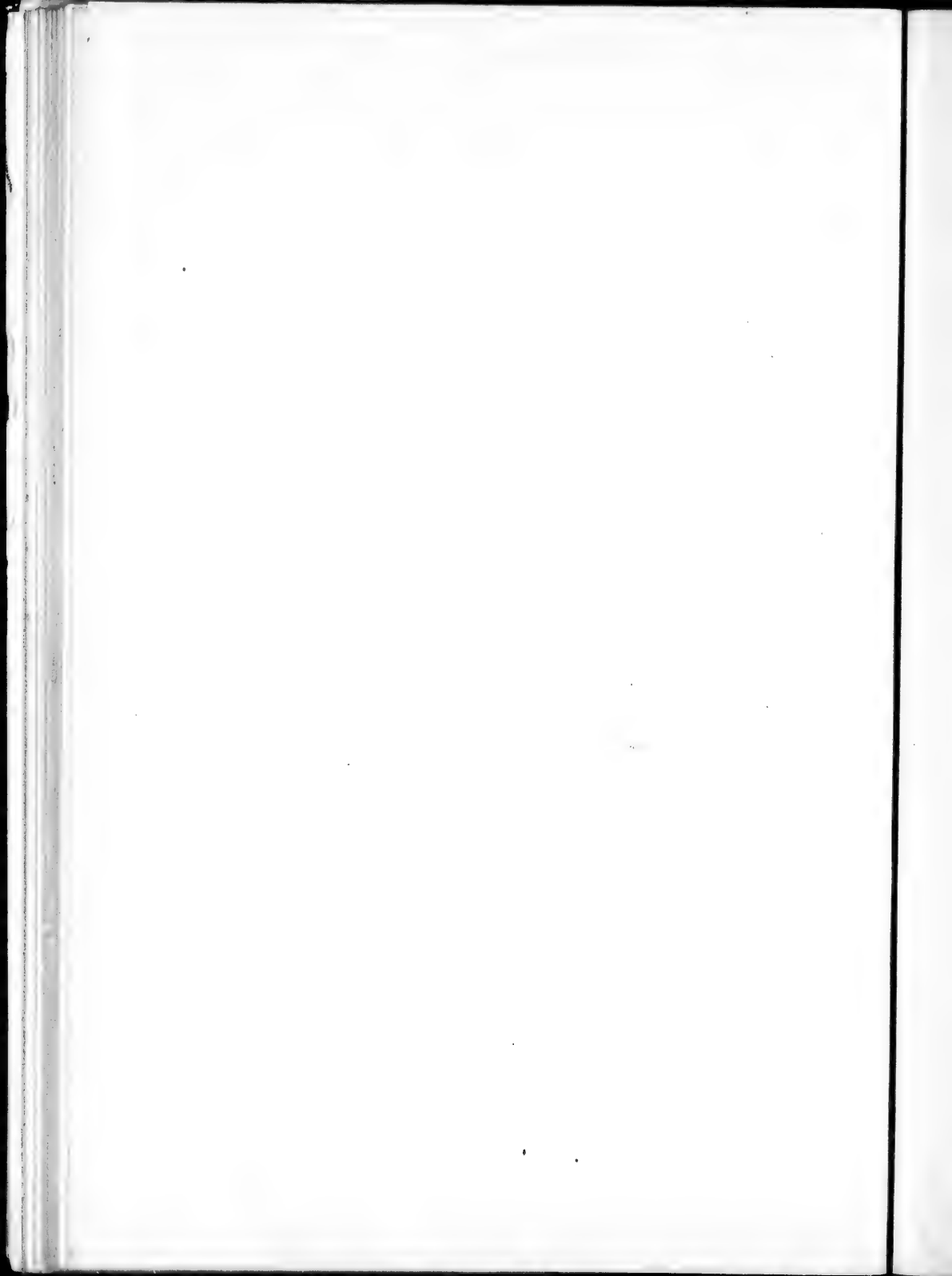
The first thing that haythen, my Master, Litl Yôkr, did, was to try to make his wife nappy.

He thort it out and set about it as a business;—the only real way to do anything.

He wrote a little book on Happiness, got it printed in 10 Folio Volumes in St. James St., and bound in Morocco in Montreal.

He did not have it bound in Calf, because the Golden Calf seems to be the God of the Christians, while the "udder" calf is one of the Gods of the Hindoos.

And these chapters following are some of the contents of the book.



HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We are the most fortunate of men. We inherit the wisdom of the ages. Focus the wisdom of the wisest men of the past upon the best way to be happy, and it is simple enough. It can be reduced to a merely mechanical process.

All it needs is that you should try it.

All it asks is five minutes a day.

The way to be happy is this:—About the middle of each day retire and ask yourself this question:—What have I done during the past morning to make myself or anybody else unhappy? Then frame some brief rule to prevent your ever being so foolish again. Enter these rules into a little book kept for the purpose, with a blank space in it for every day in the year.

Then say over to yourself, aloud or half aloud, the following

Doggrel.

Pray.

Invincible Good Humored be ; and cool

ALWAY.

Eat,—sleep,—retire from all away,

At some fixed hours, by rule

(And PLAY

TWO HOURS at LEAST)

Each day.

Cast out all fear and all desire,

Be fiercely honest, not a liar,

For e'en in jest

The truth is best.

Say *nothing* ill of old or young ;

And when you're angry hold your tongue :

Owe no man ought but the gift of love.

Seek bliss in blessing others here,

And find it up above.

Or, every other day, say in prose these

DOZEN RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

1. Praise.
2. Preserve *Irresistible* Good Humour. Say the initial letters of the four words (the letters P I G) over to yourself every time you sit down to a meal.
3. Keep cool whatever happens. There is nothing in this little world worth worrying an immortal soul's viscera into fiddle-strings about.
4. Keep fixt and immovable hours for all the functions of nature.
5. Set aside two hours a day for fun.
6. *Desirez fort peu et desirez-le fort peu.*
7. Never tell a lie, *even in jest*. A man who tells an untruth in jest is often not believed when he speaks in earnest.
8. If you are a fool speak ill of a man to his face. If a knave as well as a fool say it behind his back.
9. When angry hold your tongue.
10. Don't owe a sixpence, rather die.
11. You may look for your own happiness everywhere. You will never find it till you stumble across it in trying to make others happy.
12. Be much in the society of your BEST FRIEND, and your best friends' books, and noble women, and your heart-friends among men.
13. Never be in a room by night or day without a window being more or less open in it, or unless it communicates by open doors into a room with an open window.

The last rule is one of the most important. There was always, seemingly, meant to be clear access between us and heaven, physically as well as mentally. Read Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and this will be explained.

O KURIOS NEANIAS! O curious young man! You seek happiness, and when St. Paul urges self-examination, You say:

"If the prophet had asked some great thing....."

But ten minutes a day!

That's too much!!"

P.S.—Don't try and grab all that you can, but try how much you can do without. Of course you must be a teetotaller; it is no use borrowing the Devil's own swill-pleasure at high interest, and then grumbling because it turns to ashes of Sodom, and *wet damnation*, in the mouth. "A man maun ha 'a vara lang spune to sup parritch wi' the deevil."

A winsome Winnie once said: "Papa dear! it's no use making resolutions. I break 'em faster than I make 'em. The road to L," (with an arch look), "You know where, Papa, is paved with good resolutions."

"And so is the road to Heaven, chick."

"But how *can* I keep my resolutions, Dad dear?"

"Easily enough."

"Take one rule at a time. Take one cent from your purse and put it in your pocket, to give to the Verdun Hospital or any other well managed charity, every time you break this rule. That will cure any bad habit."

And then I told her of the "Five Cent Oath Box," which checked the swearing at the officers' mess at Toronto. But I did not think it necessary to tell her of the *enormous* sum found in the box every month when it was opened!!!

P.S.—Are you trying to get all that you can?

Turn about;

Find out—

What a number of things you can well do without.

TO A FEMALE FOOL.

SHERBROOKE STREET.

“There are only two things worth living for :—1. The constant service of others,
and 2, To walk and talk with God.”—JAP.

O restless, craving, eager soul,
On fashions, froth and folly tost!
Why not ensue a Heavenly Goal?
Why drift among the lost?

Within thee lies a garden sweet—
The Garden of the Mind—
Oh! Till its flowers with culture meet,
Be thoughtful, patient, kind.

Around thee close the blackening fates,
Confusions, DEATH, alarms ;—

* * *

For thee a Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
—Fly to His *loving* arms!

F. C. EMBERSON.

COTE ST. PAUL,
X'mas Day, 1894.

TO THE SAME.

“Look how the world its veterans rewards:—
A youth of frolics;* an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;
Young without lovers; old without a friend;
A fop her passion, and her prize a sot;
In life ridiculous, and in death forgot.”

A. POPE.

* Pope wrote “frolics;” I prefer “follies.”

MORAL—CONSULT THE INNER VOICE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLEEP.

Sleeplessness is the most insidious foe to happiness. It is the precursor of Insanity, and must be cured *at any cost*.

First of all, remove the exciting cause.

This is generally best done by a total change of scene and circumstance.

A leading—perhaps *the* leading author of Canada—the graceful writer of “How to be Happy,” “Gold and Silver,” “Flowers,” etc.,—has discovered a sure and simple cure for sleeplessness. Beset with that frightful malady, he happened to put up at the Turkish Bath Hotel, Montreal,—perhaps the most comfortable Hotel in the World;—comfort is a great thing in sleeplessness. He went to the Academy of Music so as to go to bed late and give himself a chance; lay awake till the wee sma’ hours, and woke up about four, with that uncomfortable certainty which the sleepless know so well, that he was not going to sleep any more. He took a swim in their lovely *warm* swimming bath, went to bed again, fell asleep and dozing for an hour, woke up at six o’clock.

The bath being then open for the day, he took another swim and went to bed again, to lie till breakfast time. Again he fell asleep and woke up a new man, his malady, the curse of his life, cured.

What excuse have doctors now got for not curing this most wretchless of all complaints by Nature’s own safe, sure and

simple cure. What excuse have they, (what excuse did they ever have?) for putting drastic drugs, of the exact potency of which they know nothing, into human bodies, of the *exact* nature of which they know less? Often failing entirely of their purpose, often making a man more madly sleepless than ever, at the best drugs do but borrow a little unnatural sleep of the devil, at the devil's own rate of most usurious interest.

My friend, the great Dr. S. B. Watson, of England, told me the cure for insomnia was:—The open air all day long, from morning to night, without fatigue.

A Quaker couple one zero night once turned up at the cosey house of my old friend, Mr. Macauley, the S. P. G. Missionary, at Picton-on-Quinté, Ont. They said they had driven sixty miles to be married that day, and *must* be spliced that very night.

"We'll freeze if we go to the church," said my dear old friend. "I'll marry you here if you like in front of the fire." His reverence began to drone away at the service in his monotonous old-time sing-song. *Looked up suddenly*, and THEY WERE FAST ASLEEP.

If a patient at Verdun (the best Hospital for the Nervous in the world) be sleepless give him a long twenty mile drive in the cold, bring him home, and put him into a warm bed. If that does not send him off to the land of Mopsus, I'M A DUTCHMAN!!

The preventatives of sleeplessness are:

1st. To kneel down for a form, at least, of prayer before going to bed, so as to soothe the mind and totally change the current of our thoughts. The answer to our prayer is, firstly, automatic. The man is becoming calmer, happier and better while in the very act of praying.

2nd. To learn some of the "In Memoriam" by heart, and relaxing your mental and bodily muscles, to begin to repeat it

dreamily and drowsily, directly your head touches the pillow till you fall off.

This is serviceable whether you are within reach of a Turkish or Canadian Bath or not. The Canadian Bath by the way, practised by the Indians, as Catlin shows us, long before the pale-face sailed up the St. Lawrence, is a warm shower followed by a cool or cold dip, or, better still, by a warm swim, like that we can get in the lovely swimming bath at 148 Monique Street, Montreal.

RANDOM HINTS.

Sleep between blankets.

Bathe the feet in hot water before going to bed, or take a warm bath with a cupful of mustard in it.

Sleep with your socks on.

If accustomed to a late supper, go without. If not, take one. Eat some lettuce, or some onions.

Try a hop pillow, six lbs. of hops will fill a pillow-case.

Jump up and re-make your bed, turning the mattress, opening the window as wide as you can stand, while doing so.

OF COURSE, if sane, you will accustom yourself to sleep, always, with the window open.

The sleepless should give up tea and coffee. In any case coffee is poison if drunk after 2 p.m. Use Cocoa or Dominica Lime Juice made with hot water and sweetened, or hot or cold Lemonade, Apple Juice or Apple Syrup.

CHAPTER XIX.

BATHING.

"Go to Bath."

Bathing, like sleep, as described by Homer, is the gift of the gods. It is Nature's soft nurse, her invigorator, restorer, almost her cure-all. Why else are facilities for bathing in brook, lake and stream scattered so profusely all over her favoured lands?

The man who does not wash himself all over, tho' it be but with his wetted hands, every day that he is in ordinary health, halves his happiness, impairs his health and mars his character.

Now for some warnings and pointers on bathing.

Don't bathe all over when *very* exhausted, nor immediately after a full meal.

Before a swim in cold water, in winter time at any rate, tone up the system with a warm shower-bath, or by putting your feet in warm water, &c.

In cold climates do not stay in the water more than 10 or 15 minutes, or 20 minutes at the very most.

After a hot bath, before going out in the cold, close the pores of the skin by a douche of cold water.

In bathing, the object should be to draw the nervous energy down from the brain to the spine—the great conductor and non-irritable distributor of nervous energy.

The original "Canadian Bath," as described in "Catlin's North American Indians," is as follows:—"The Injun got into a

sort of long basket-bed in a skin tent. Under this bed was a smaller basket full of red-hot stones and a few fragrant weeds. His wife poured hot water over these stones till Redskin was in a profuse perspiration. When reeking he suddenly rushed from his tent to the nearest river or brook, plunged in—whether it was full of floating ice or not—swam a mile or two and walked quietly home. If well, it was reputed to make him better. But as Indians and bar-tenders have conscientious objections to bathing more than is necessary, they seldom went through this ablution unless they were sick. It was then reputed to cure every time."

The modern "Canadian Bath" is a civilized form of this heroic escapade. It consists of a brief warm bath followed by a swim. Where the swimming bath is pleasantly tepid, as at the well-known Turkish Bath, Montreal, the swim may be enjoyably prolonged without undue strain on the vital forces.

A modified form of this, where there is no swimming bath, is to bathe in warm water and then to shower tepid cool or cold water over you. Where to get a bath is troublesome, I wash myself well down with wet hands, and let a handful or two of cold water trickle down the spine.

The Turkish Bath now claims attention. It is a delightful luxury or a powerful means of cure.

The *dolce-far-niente* and ecstasy of supreme corporeal bliss that follows the Turkish Bath, as one lies down in the Cooling-Off Room, must be experienced to be appreciated.

Unlike the dreamy joy-dream of nicotine, alcohol or hashish, it is followed by no reaction.

As a curative means, the late Charles Gibb, who weighed every word he said, once told me,—“The Turkish Bath is a certain cure for all ordinary forms of rheumatism. It cannot, of course, remove chalk bones, but if persisted in, it will remove all rheumatism that affects the other parts of the body.” For

coughs, colds, influenza, etc., it is a sovereign remedy. It cannot weaken if wisely administered. It removes ennui, and entirely invigorates, tones up and solidifies the general health and well-being."

Which witness is, I believe, after long personal and most enjoyable experience, true.

CHAPTER XX.

A GOOD CUP O' COFFEE.

I, the writer know two ways of making good coffee. Most coffee brewers don't seem to know *one*. Of these two ways one was told me by the late Bishop Williams, of Quebec, who seemed to know everything. The other, which I found out for myself, is to use Lyman's Fluid Coffee.

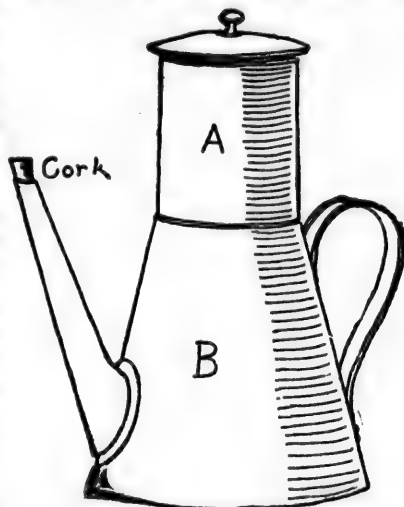
When a delightful aroma of coffee permeates a house, one thing is sure. If this aroma of coffee—the very bouquet or most delicious essence of Nature's favored berry—is all over the place, it is certainly not in the coffee-pot.

One way to enjoy this rare aroma is to use Lyman's Fluid Coffee. Given boiling water and milk, it is made in a *minute*. And more, it saves the handmaiden, on a wise economy of whose time the comfort of the household depends, from 5 to 10 minutes a day, i.e., from one to two days a year, otherwise worse than wasted in doling out coffee (or what is sold for such) steeping and boiling the infusion, disposing of the grounds and cleansing the penetralia of dirty old coffee-pots.

The other way is as follows:—Get an Oxford Coffee-biggin as sold by G. Stephen, of Bleury St., Montreal, such as was in use at Wadham College, and all over Oxford, in my day.

Heat the biggin. In making coffee everything should be hot, the biggin, the cup, the saucer, and the *milk*. Bring fresh water to the boiling point. Don't use stale water with all the oxygen stewed out of it. Pour the boiling water through the upper story of the biggin (A) into the coffee-pot proper (B), and set it in a warm place. If coffee boils after being once made

the aroma silently steals away. Closing the spout with a cork keeps the aroma in.



Boiling water poured through a flannel bag in an ordinary coffee-pot—previously heated—with egg-shell or white of egg in the coffee, with beaten egg-yolks in the hot milk is drinkable.

But one of the simplest and easiest ways of getting a cup of *really good coffee* is to imitate the chefs of the C.P.R., &c., by using Lyman's Fluid Coffee.

—

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BEST BOOKS.

"In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight."

—Emerson.

How idiotic the man who, when he can get gold, prefers dirt. Far more idiotic he, who when he can buy the best books ever written in the history of the world, and buy them cheap, (for the better they are the cheaper they are) prefers second-rate stuff or even trash.

Read noble and happy thoughts and you become noble and happy. Read trash, and you become trash. Read dirt, and your very heart becomes filthy and dirty and obscene.

What are the best 100 books in the world may long remain an interesting topic for discussion. The 50 or 60 best may be asserted almost without cavil.

The wretch, calling himself a man or woman, who does not procure, and daily read a portion of these, must be a mannikin, whom it would be rank flattery to call a fool.

The prices named are of the best editions, cheapness being taken largely into account in the choice. They are the prices quoted by my friend, Mr. WM. DRYSDALE, 232 St. James St., Montreal, a lover of his species, whom I feel it an honour to have known, and with whom it is a pleasure to deal.

The 10 grandest, greatest and noblest books ever written :—

The Book—A good Family Bible\$6 00

1. Shakespeare's Plays (written by Bacon). 1 00
Emberson's Art of Teaching..... 60
2. Fred. R. Robertson's Sermons..... 2 00
3. St. Francois de Salles' "Spiritual Letters"..... 45
4. Tennyson..... 1 75
5. Farrar's "Seekers after God"..... 1 75
6. Ruskin's Ethics of the Dust 50
7. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero worship"..... 60
8. Chapman's Homer, Morley's edition..... 35
9. The Imitation of Jesus Christ..... 1 00
10. Marcus Aurelius..... 35

To these a scholar will add those below. A scholar is a man who knows, more or less, English, Greek, Latin, French, German, Euclid and Algebra.

THE SCHOLAR'S TEN BEST BOOKS.

THE BIBLE in English or the New Testament in Greek, French or German, \$1.00 or less. The Vulgate, \$2.00. The Bible should be read, a portion every day, in these tongues simultaneously.

1. Shakespeare's Plays, (Notes by W. A. Wright),
each.....\$ 50
2. Corpus Poetarum, including Lucretius, Virgil,
Ovid, Horace, Martial, Persius, Juvenal, 5 40
3. Poetæ Scénici Græci..... 6 50
4. Danté, (Carey's translation) 1 00
5. Epictetus, Long's..... 35
6. Cicero on Old Age and Friendship 1 50
7. Aristotle's Ethics, Chase's..... 50
8. Plato's Republic, Davis'..... 1 35
9. Kennedy's Demosthenes 1 50
10. Pascal, 3 vols..... 3 00

The 10 most interesting books in the world :—

The Bible, Revised Version.....	\$1 00
1. Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist	1 00
2. Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World	60
3. Paley's Natural Theology	90
4. Herodotus, Bohn's translation	1 00
5. The Spectator.....	1 00
6. Gall's Names of the Stars	40
7. A Voyage round my Garden, by Alphonse Kerr	1 00
8. Vignettes of Nature, by Grant Allan, 15c. or	50
9. White's Natural History of Selbourne.....	1 00
10. Macaulay's History of the Revolution.....	2 50
Add Green, Montaigne, DeQuincy, Channing, and perhaps Whiston's Josephus, Parkman, Gosse's Canadian Naturalist.	

The 10 funniest and wittiest books :—

1. Swift	\$1 50
2. Chas. Lamb	1 75
3. Aristophanes (expurgated)	30
4. Molière	3 00
5. Junius	1 00
6. Pickwick	1 60
7. Don Quixote.....	75
8. Gil Blas.....	75
9. Hudibras or Sheridan.....	30
10. Pascal's Provincial Letters or Chaucer.....	35

The 20 best novels in the world for Canadian readers :—

1. All Sorts and Conditions of Men.....	\$ 25
2. David Copperfield, and others, by Dickens....	25
3. Westward Ho !.....	15
4. Peter Simple.....	15
5. Eve Effingham.....	15
6. Arabian Nights.....	75
7. Caxtons	15

8. David Elginbrod	25
9. Guy Mannering	15
10. Vanity Fair	25
11. Jane Eyre	50
12. Fouqué's Seasons.....	75
13. Barchester Towers.....	25
14. E. Lyall's We Two.....	25
15. John Halifax.....	25
16. Woman in White.....	25
17. Young Seigneur; by W. D. Lighthall, a Canadian.....	50
18. Ten Thousand a Year	1 00
19. What's Bred in the Bone ; by Grant Allan, a Canadian	50
20. Christopher Tadpole, by Albert Smith	00

Ten of the greatest poets :—A handsome edition in cloth can be bought for one dollar each.

Goldsmith,
Wordsworth,
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,
Cowper,
Pope,
Burns,
Longfellow,
Shelley,
Milton,
Moore, or Palgrave's Golden Treasury.

Those who have children would doubtless wish to substitute some children's books for ten of the above.

The 10 best books for children :—

1. Ministering Children.....	\$ 75
2. Pilgrim's Progress.....	1 00
3. Water Babies	1 00

4. Robinson Crusoe.....	60
5. Swiss Family Robinson.....	60
6. Masterman Ready.....	60
7. Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	60
8. Tom Brown's School Days.....	50
9. Book of Golden Deeds.....	1 00
10. Hans Anderson 6oc., or Grimm 6oc., or both..	1 20

The 20 best novelists :—

Besant.....	817 50
Dickens complete.....	2 00 or 5 00
C. Kingsley. Novels, sermons, etc.	35 00
Marryat's 10 best novels.....	2 00
Cooper's Works.....	10 00
Arabian Nights.....	75
Bulwer's Works.....	8 40
McDonald's 4 best novels.....	1 00
McDonald's works.....	33 00
Scott's novels.....	6 00
Thackeray, complete.....	8 00
The Brontë novels, 4 vols.....	4 00
Fouqué's Seasons.....	75
Trollope's 4 best novels.....	1 00
Edna Lyall's works, 6 vols	5 00
Young Seigneur.....	50
Miss Muloch's 5 best novels.....	1 00
E. P. Roe's best novels.....	1 00

There is an old riddle, "Why does a donkey prefer thistles to Gold" and the answer is:—"Because he's an ass." Far wiser is the donkey, in this case, than the man who fails to buy these fifty books, or most of them, and by their frequent perusal to raise himself to the level of the very "Best Society in the World,"—that of its greatest and jolliest thinkers in

their wisest and jolliest moods. The donkey knows and does, what is good for him, the man does not.

Far more guilty and foolish is he who fails to provide his children with wholesome food for the mind. It is more important even than wholesome food for the body. A children's library is a *first* requisite in every household. For six dollars, as shewn above, can be bought the ten best books ever written for children in the history of the world. A lively youth *will* read something. Provide him with the best books (which luckily are also the cheapest,) and you will not have yourself to blame if he degrades his mind, on the sly, with that injurious trash with which the United States floods the market, and has regular agencies for secretly selling to children, and which has brought the gray hairs of so many parents down with sorrow to the grave.

A kindly, pleasant-mannered fellow-boarder of mine once stole his room-mate's little all, disappeared and has never been heard of since. His trunk was found full of detective stories, and novels about robberies and thefts.

Teach your children to read—and they will love—THE BEST. Read, and you will love, THE BEST, yourself. You will then have found out for yourself and them, one of the greatest and most permanent secrets of

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

To Rachel.

As Rachel for her children wept,
By briny Galilee;—
So live, Sweet Maid, that thine may smile,
In joy, alone, for thee.

F. C. EMBERSON.

494 St. James St.,
Montreal, April 1, 1895.

A Startling Prophecy.

Written A. D. 70!

Unus Pelleo Juveni non sufficit orbis
Quum tamen a figulis munitam intraverat urbem
Sarcophago contentus erit.

—JUVENAL.

(*Englished.*)

The old world did not content Alexander the
Great (Philanthropist,)
But when he had got to the city ringed in by pot-
tering aldermen
His dining hall contents him well.

MORAL—LUNCHAT ALEXANDER'S.

I have travelled in England, Scotland, Wales, France,
the Channel Islands, the dis-United States and Canada, and
have nowhere found a more delightful place wherein to take
a delicate repast than Alexander's.

LITL YÔKR.

Is not good, clean, dainty food a main factor in health
happiness, digestion (another name for happiness), and a
good clean moral character?—EMBERSON.

ANNIHILATIONISM IS RUBBISH.

— — —

“The ‘*Reductio ad Absurdum*’ has always been considered a rigidly logical disproof.”

—

FIRST PROOF.—TENNYSON.

—

(In Memoriam, Canto. XXXIV.)

“My own dim life should teach me this;—
“That life shall live forevermore:”

For if not;—then,

“Earth is darkness at the core,
“And dust and ashes all that is.”

Which is absurd,

∴ Life shall live for evermore.
Q. E. D.

—

SECOND PROOF.—TENNYSON.

—

Again,—If life shall not live for evermore,

“This round of green, this orb of flame,”

The world, is

“Fantastic beauty; such as lurks

“In some wild Poet—Emberston to wit—

“When he works without an object or an aim.”

Which is absurd,

∴ Life shall live forevermore.
Q. E. D.

THIRD PROOF.—TENNYSON.

(*In Memoriam, Canto. LV.*)

“Shall man,”
 Nature’s “last work, who seemed so fair;—
 “Such splendid purpose in his eyes,”
 “Who trusted *that* God was love indeed,
 “And *that* love *was* creation’s final law—
 “Tho Nature, (red in tooth and claw
 “With ravin) shrieked against the creed.”

“Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
 “Who battled for the True, the Just,
 (*In vain if a Montreat alderman*),
 “Shall he—shall man, who did all this,—
 “Be blown about the desert dust,”

and end in a dust-bin? No! To think so were absurd.
 Which is absurd.

∴ Man will not end in a dust-bin.
 Q. E. D.

FOURTH PROOF—Arranged by EMBERSON.

What turns out to be true at every “stepping-off point” in science is the unexpected and incredible.

The Resurrection is unexpected and incredible.

∴ The Resurrection is probably true.

This syllygism has an undistributed middle and is worthless.—
 It is only a strongly presumptive, inductive, approach to proof.

Flowers.

There is nothing like flowers to soothe an overwrought brain. Often after overworking myself in the day, have I turned into my friend, Mr. Martin's hothouses feeling as if life was barely worth living, and come out as happy and rested as if I had taken a new lease of life.

Those who need flowers will do well to buy them from
A. MARTIN, Florist, 2508 St. Catherine St. Tel. 4348.

Dress.

"To be dressed modestly and becomingly is a great help to happiness."—L. J.

It is well to know that Silk, Wool or Mixed Goods of any color, or of mixed materials in Gentlemen's Dress or other Suits, Ladies' Dresses, Evening or Ball Dresses, Dolmans, &c., can be successfully cleaned without ripping or removing the trimmings. This is done by a new process called "French Cleaning."

Antimacassars, Colored Silk, Floss, Plush or Velvet Covers, Curtains, &c., and all kinds of expensive knick-knacks can be thus cleaned.

Its great advantages are as follows:—Colors will not run or change; no displacement of padding; stiffenings are left firm and hard; the clothes will fit and set as when first made; there is absolutely no strain or wear on the material, and there is positively no shrinkage. The finer the goods the better the work.

Send for pamphlet to the **BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**, Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners, 2435 Notre Dame, 221 McGill, and 1595 St. Catherine Streets, Montreal.

Additions and Corrections.

*[Please correct these in ink some Sunday morning before
reading the book.]*

Insert pp. 115 and 116 instead of the words, "This orb of green,"
on p. 59, l. 4.

On p. 55, l. 1, scratch out the word "filed."

Same page, l. 7, in lieu of "parsd" read "pass."

Same page, l. 8, insert the words "in our go-ashore clothes" in the
blank space, which made me look very blank when I saw it.

Same page, lower down, for "cukes" read "cusses"—I uttered
cusses silently when I saw the misprint. N.B.—"Cus" is
short for "Cus-tomer."

P. 61, for "roteplasm" read "protoplasm," and for the word "call"
read "cell."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PARSEES' EXPERIENCES WHEN DEAD.

Fusbos.—"And are you sure they're dead?"

Distafina.—"Dead as herrings that are red."

—BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

(The best parlor play I know.)

An Explanation is due for having said in Chapter XIV that the Parsee's pulse ceased to beat and his heart to throb. It did so, for he was actually dead.

Dead to come to life 'again' as we all will some day. Unless the Lord keeps us in the grave to oblige Colonel Ingersoll. He was dead as a door nail. For a door has no nails in it and therefore a door nail has no existence, and therefore, I suppose, is dead.

He was as dead as a tree in winter, which is actually, and not only apparently, dead. For the only live parts in a tree are the leaf and the cambium layer. And they, in winter, practically cease to exist. Which is a striking pointer towards a resurrection of other beings besides trees.

And he could die, because the Fakirs in India seem to have acquired the knack of dying by an effort of the will, and if kept in a moist cool place of coming to life again, after circulation has been restored by a way known to themselves. At least this is the only explanation I can offer of their being buried, grain being sown over their graves and their then coming to life again after being dug up.

Such a process implies considerable risk, which proves that the parsee was not afraid to die. And doctors say no man is afraid, when dying a natural death, throo God's merciful arrangement of the order in which the organs of the brain cease to act. And what the parsee told of his experiences when dead, was shadowed forth in some preceding pages, which are warranted to contain no misprints unlike this page

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHY THIS BOOK IS COARSE.

"Nor seek to wind oneself too high
For mortal man beneath the sky."

—*Kibble*.

To many a one this book may seem coarse and vulgar, and the more coarse and vulgar he is in his own heart's core, the more coarse he will think it.

Aristophanes was unutterably coarse. Yet St. Chrysostom slept with it under his pillow. His coarseness, like Shakespeare's, was the fault of his age. They were as pure minded men as ever lived or will live.

And Dante introduced some very coarse allusions to give point to his mockery of that *Divina Comœdia*, or "Priestly Farce," as he called it;—a material Hell. And after hitting upon the real meaning of this expression of his —"*Divina Comœdia*,"— never before understood, I stumbled across two passages in the *Inferno* which confirm my guess. And Dante was one of the purest minded of men.

Rabelais was deliberately coarse. And yet it was said that you could tell if a man had "read his Rabelais," by his honest, fearless bearing. Had there been one chapter free from such coarseness as would make a man seem a fool for bringing a serious charge against such stuff, Rabelais might have been burnt at the stake for exposing Romanism.

I have never read a word in Rabelais which would rouse passion, while I own that his coarseness so repels me that I have twice destroyed copies of his book.

There is moreover, as a certain learned author (myself) has shown, in a book entitled "How to be Happy," an element of most comic and unnecessary coarseness in the ways and appearance of certain animals and plants in Nature. This would excuse one who, while groping in the dark, aims at imitating Nature where to do so seems to yield pleasure or profit.

There is a deliberate object in the coarseness in this book. This the author will tell to any one who cares to write and ask him. His address is simply "F. C. Emberson, Montreal." He will probably be accused of irreverence; he who—like the Jews—makes it a rule to keep ONE NAME, as much as possible, sacred from utterance, or at least never uses it without an "Act of Recollection."

The book is written to show what a heathen can find to say for himself.

The Author no more endorses all the parsee says, than Thackeray endorsed what his gambling, swindling, duelling hero says in self defence.

And in one place he gives LITL YOKR a sweet rap over the knuckles for speaking uncharitably of Xtians.

It is fair to add that the Author dedicated the book to past and present heart-friends without their consent.

(Now for some Adze.)

Boox.

"No nation can surely pretend to be civilized that has the *impudence* to tax Books—a tax on Books is a tax on light, learning, literature, a man's very being, and sometimes his soul's salvation."

LITL YÖKR.

It is a great help to happiness to know where to buy anything, especially books.

I have known Mr. W. FOSTER BROWN now for 24 years, and if every one finds his friendship, or even acquaintance—for no man is your friend until you have eaten a bushel of salt with him—as profitable, refreshing and instructive as I have done all this happy time, they will have reason to be as thankful as I am.

STANDARD DICTIONARIES.

Antiquities, (Greek and Roman). Smith.
 Bible. Smith.
 Biography. Haydn's.
 Cruden's Concordance.
 Dates. Haydn's
 Flowers. Nicholson.
 French. Spiers and Scott.
 German. Cassell's, \$1.00
 Greek. Liddell and Scott.
 The Best Things. Emberson and Murray.
 Italian. (Italians don't seem to use Dictionaries.)
 Latin. Andrews.
 Quotations. Bartlett.

For Sale by

W. FOSTER BROWN.

Digestion is King.

Happiness depends largely upon Health. Health upon Digestion. Digestion upon Diet.

The physicians of the future will be elected on a salary by districts, and their object will be not to cure, but to prevent disease.

This they will do by diet. This will consist, of course, mainly of eggs, milk, honey, butter, fish and fruit.

These the farmers will raise for themselves. When they have any for sale they have hitherto lost by not *knowing* an honest commission merchant.

In Montreal I know of three, my old friends:—

J. R. CLOGG, 169 McGill St., Tel. No. 859,	} for Fruit,
VIPOND, McBRIDE & CO., 261 Commissioners St., Tel. No. 857.	

and

JAS. HAMILTON, 22 St. Peter St., for the other things.

I, F. C. Emberson, J. P., personally guarantee satisfaction to all reasonable people dealing with them.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

— FOR —

**Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and all
Lung Affections.**

AN IMMEDIATE AND PROMPT CURE.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum is a carefully compounded preparation of Spruce Gum with its balsamic, soothing, expectorant and tonic properties preserved and strengthened. It furnishes the only satisfactory and reliable means by which the beneficial effects of Spruce Gum can be obtained and its remarkable curative power in all throat and lung troubles enjoyed.

Spruce Gum has long been used in Canada as a specific in Coughs and Colds, and its use dates back to the earliest recorded times. The methods of preparing the Gum as a remedy were all unsatisfactory and until the introduction of Gray's Syrup its excellent qualities were largely lost by want of the technical skill needful to present its valuable constituents in a soluble and easily assimilable form. Now all the remedial good of this well-known Gum is given to the public in the pleasant and palatable remedy, Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

CAUTION.—Be careful when buying Gray's Syrup to get it, because many imitations have been offered to the public by unscrupulous manufacturers who have copied closely the external appearances of Gray's Syrup, its bottle, labels and wrappers; these piracies are dangerous as their makers, being unable to produce a true Syrup of Spruce Gum, have contented themselves with getting a fluid resembling in appearance the genuine Syrup, while leaving out the Spruce Gum and other valuable ingredients.

Several of these imitations have been exposed in the courts and their sale forbidden, but as new ones are occasionally brought out it is necessary to issue this warning. Action is promptly taken against infringements as soon as they are brought to our notice.

KERRY, WATSON & CO.,

Wholesale Druggists, Sole Proprietors,

MONTREAL.

PREFACE.

"Prelusive drops."

—Milton.

The public are respectfully warned against notices of this book which may appear in the press of the Province of Quebec. They are probably either written by myself or by my warmest personal friends.

My book at any rate is four times as good as Darwin's. The most striking thing about Darwin's productions was that he could only work two hours (2 hrs.) a day.

I can only work half an hour ($\frac{1}{2}$ hr.) a day. Half an hour is four times as short as two hours. Therefore my book is four times as good as Darwin's.

Moreover, Darwin, so far as I can see without reading him, more or less wilfully, turned his back to The Light.

In writing this book, the author has, in a humility which those who know his history will well understand, referred every thing immediately to the Source of Light. In this he has followed the public avowal so nobly made by the late Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

"And when I have any difficulties in my work, I refer them at once to the Source of Light, and all is at once plain and clear to me, if it be well that it should be so."

I once had to thread a dark passage at Longue Pointe with the faintest possible glimmer of doubly refracted light at one end. Facing this merest glimmer I had enough light and to spare for two or three foot-steps. Turning my back on it, I at once found myself in an utter and Egyptian darkness, and soon to be involved in an inextricable confusion of chairs, sofas and spittoons.

So, if we face HIM whose "*body* is Truth and whose *shadow* is Light" we have enough light and to spare for our next duty—the only one we need fash our heads about. Turn our back on it, and we shall make as amusing mistakes about Atols, etc., as Darwin did. He even failed to discover the Origin of Species, which is I suppose, the desire of the mother during gestation, for such and such qualities in her offspring. This would explain even the long neck of the giraffe;—"Six foot o'sore throat" as Sydney Smith said when he saw one.

Nobody, it is said, reads the preface at the beginning of a book, so I have put mine at the end. Perhaps people don't read prefaces because they are printed right side up, so I print part of mine *zuora əpɪs umop*.

All the great books of history have been written under stress and strain, storm and storm-wind. Danté wrote in exile; Scarron on a bed of bitterest pain; Rabelais under the fear of the stake and fagot for exposing Romanism; Cervantes and Bunyan in prison.

"The Yarn" has been written with the author's very heart's blood. Every page he wrote retarded his recovery from that most distressing and dangerous of all diseases—*brain* disease.

The public and publicans generally, are much beefstaken if they think the author has wasted time—time which might be so much more profitably devoted to skittles and ginger beer—in verifying quotations for a paltry half-dollar book.

On the contrary he has touched them up and improved them, the Ghosts of the writers gnashing their ghostly teeth at him all the while. Let 'm gnash. He has altered them, of course, when needful, to suit his purpose; a proceeding for which he has the very "HIGHEST AUTHORITY."

 N.B.—All mistakes as to facts, theories, etc, in this book are misprints.

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